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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

DURING the last ten days the greatest naval battle of history has taken place, and the military situation is colored by the British victory. The German fleet has suffered so heavily, particularly in its mobile units, that the possibility of a fleet advance upon Riga is almost negligible. Without help from the fleet, the Germans have little chance of inflicting any decisive blow on the section of the Eastern front most favorable to their advance. On the southern section of the front, where the communications offer better facilities to the Russians than on any other part of their line, our ally has initiated a great offensive. It is almost impossible that this should not have an immediate effect upon the Austrian movements against Italy, and if the Russians have the resources to continue their advance during the summer and autumn, this would have a determining influence upon the war. The struggle for Verdun continues, and has now reached a point at which a solution may be expected. Fighting on the British front has grown in intensity. The Bulgars have advanced in Eastern Macedonia, and the Turks towards Erzerum. On every front the lull has given place to fighting. We seem to have reached the crisis of the war. Decisive events are almost certain to emerge from the next few months.

As more becomes known of the naval battle, it becomes increasingly clear that Sir John Jellicoe deliberately planned to interrupt the German fleet's "enterprise directed towards the north," and to inflict such damage upon the enemy as would discourage him from further enterprises. The main fleet probably left its

base first, and then the battle-cruiser squadron steamed off at top speed to engage and hold the Germans until Sir John Jellicoe arrived. When Admiral Beatty sighted von Hipper with his five battle-cruisers, the British were sailing almost due east. Our battle-cruiser squadron included the "Lion," "Tiger," "Queen Mary," "Princess Royal," "Indefatigable," and "New Zealand," besides light cruisers and smaller craft. With Sir David Beatty was Rear-Admiral Thomas with the "Barham," "Valiant," "Warspite," and "Malaya," fast battle-ships with 15-inch guns. The light cruisers were within short range of each other, but Sir David Beatty had to chase von Hipper for over an hour until, at about four o'clock, he opened fire in a dense mist.

THE odds at this point were in our favor. We had six battle-cruisers to the five under von Hipper. But the shooting had not proceeded many minutes before the "Queen Mary" and "Indefatigable" were sunk. It is said that a German shell hit a turret, struck a shell in the ammunition hoist, and thus fired the vessels. One of the German battle-cruisers, probably the "Derfflinger," was also sunk in this running encounter. Towards five o'clock the battle-cruiser squadron, now reduced to four, sighted the main German High Seas fleet, upon which they had driven von Hipper. The latter turned south-west, and then north-west, heading the German line. Admiral Beatty followed smartly, and, steaming in a line parallel to the German course, drew the fire of the whole fleet. He was shortly re-joined by Admiral Thomas with his four "Queen Elizabeths," and so skilfully were the British ships handled that, though they engaged at least twenty German battleships besides the four battle-cruisers, they suffered no loss at all. Had the weather been more favorable, our ships, having superior speed and being handled with the greatest skill, must have wrought more damage than they did.

DURING this stage of the battle Admiral Beatty was drawing the German fleet on to Sir John Jellicoe. For about an hour this unequal encounter continued, until a little after six o'clock, when Admiral Hood, in advance of the Grand Fleet, entered the fray with the "Invincible," "Inflexible," and "Indomitable." Sir David Beatty was turning eastward, and the new battle-cruisers joined the line, but had only opened fire a few moments when the "Invincible" sank. Admiral Beatty's manœuvre had forced the Germans to follow, and the Grand Fleet coming up completed the scheme of the battle. In some section of this period of the action, while Admiral Beatty was leaving the field clear for the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Robert Arbuthnot, on the armored cruiser "Defence" entered the fight with the "Warrior" and two fellow ships. The former was speedily sunk and the latter disabled, but the German commander, having no taste for a battle with Sir John Jellicoe, threw out his light cruisers and destroyers to hamper the advance.

THE manœuvre was successful in gaining time. It was nearly seven o'clock before the main fleet came up.

There was only an hour before sunset, and the mist thickened with the fading light. Sir John Jellicoe was hardly clear of the skilfully-used destroyers before the German fleet was in full flight. The fleet fired as long as light remained, we understand with crushing effect. When night fell the British destroyers and light cruisers harried the retreat to the German bases. Early in the morning the whole fleet was recalled, and, after minutely searching the battlefield, left for the home bases. It coaled, and was ready for action again on the evening of Friday.

* * *

BESIDES the losses already mentioned, our fleet lost the armored cruiser "Black Prince" and eight destroyers. The British *communiqué* published on Monday gave the German losses as two battleships, two Dreadnought cruisers, the light cruisers "Wiesbaden," "Elbing," and "Frauenlob," a light cruiser of the "Rostock" type, at least nine destroyers, and a submarine. The first German accounts only admitted the loss of the "Pommern" (the name of a pre-Dreadnought battleship sunk last September), the "Wiesbaden," and "Frauenlob," and "some destroyers." Only when survivors were landed from the "Elbing," was the loss of that vessel admitted. A week later, the "Rostock" was included and the battle-cruiser "Lützow." The loss had been concealed "for military reasons," a confession which completely brushes aside any effect the first lying accounts achieved. It will be noticed that, little by little, the British estimate has been verified. An unofficial estimate from Kiel of the German losses in *personnel* includes 4,600 missing. Since the loss of the "Rostock" and "Lützow" is said to have taken place on the way to port, the crews were almost certainly rescued.

* * *

To account for 4,600 missing we can imagine the following casualty list: nine destroyers, say 738; two battleships, 2,000; one battle-cruiser, 1,000; add, say, 826 for those not rescued of the three cruisers sunk, and we have the exact losses which the British estimate gave. The losses may be considerably more; certainly the damage was crippling. But the main facts are these: The German fleet came out, and was held and engaged by our battle-cruiser squadron. The main British fleet came up, and the Germans fled. On any showing, they suffered heavy loss. It is practically certain that the battering is so heavy as to keep them inside their harbors for many months. Yet the battle was announced as a German victory, and the tone of the first British announcements supported the contention. It was a most skilful and gallant encounter, in which Sir John Jellicoe swept the foe from the field with heavy losses, and restored the North Sea to British keeping with a larger comparative strength than existed before the battle was fought. Our men went blithely into action, and came out of it with the joy of victory on their lips and in their hearts.

* * *

THE tidings of the battle were very differently reported by the representatives of the warring nations. Our own Admiralty issued a halting, incomplete, and gloomy summary of our losses and efforts, compiled so as to suggest both to this country and the neutral world that it was our excuse for defeat. This impression was partly corrected in a later dispatch, and Mr. Churchill, summoned to Mr. Balfour's rescue as Jellicoe to Beatty's, gave an impressive recital of our naval position as the German reverse had left it. But Mr. Balfour was forced to an apologetic rejoinder, in which he pleaded that a corrected view of

the battle was impossible till Jellicoe's full dispatch had been received, blamed the press for mis-handling the Admiralty's *pot-pourri*, and correctly summed up our gains by declaring that in the matter of three naval problems—invasion, blockade, command of the seas—the German position was worse than ever. On the German side, the tactics were simpler. The losses were hidden till they could not be cloaked any longer, and the engagement treated as a victory in a *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of boastfulness, in which the Kaiser out-bawled the Chancellor, and the Chancellor shouted down the much more modest admirals.

* * *

ON Monday night Lord Kitchener and his staff were drowned in the cruiser "Hampshire." The ship was struck off the Orkneys by a mine or by a torpedo. The party were on their way to Russia, on a mission to the Tsar. The sea was rough, and all but twelve seamen perished either with the ship or in the foundered boats that put off from her. The nation was stunned by the news of the loss of its War Secretary, its best-known soldier, and a figure in which it reposed profound trust. But such a death cannot be called unhappy. Lord Kitchener had reaped all the material rewards that are open to men of striking personality, and more than usually fall even to the most distinguished soldiers. In his life he played the parts of Pro-consul, diplomatist, statesman, and an organizer of war in three Continents. Napoleon had never such a range of activity as this.

* * *

So well had the fundamental significance of Lord Kitchener as a general been grasped by the public that it has been content to forget a good part of his life. He was dominantly an organizer of victory. He treated war as a calculable thing, and built his campaigns brick by brick. The reduction of South Africa and the Omdurman campaign were conspicuous instances of victories won in the tent rather than on the battlefield. But that there was a thread of adventure in his fibre is shown by the fact that he served as a young volunteer in the French Army in 1870, and the opening of the Battle of Paardeberg proves that he was soldier enough to know that risks must at times be taken, though many would say that his decision on this occasion was wrong. When he was Governor of Suakim in 1886, he played the bold game rather than the sure. Yet, fundamentally, he was careful, cautious, and foreseeing. His method was the sound one of pre-arranging with the utmost care everything that was susceptible of pre-arrangement, and then he could ride freely on that anchor. He owed more to the German than the French tradition, and his calibre is instantly appreciated by comparing him with Lord Roberts, in whom there was more than a trace of military genius.

* * *

THE Austrians have continued to advance from the Trentino, and the crisis of the movement is at hand. So far, the Italians have succeeded in holding the main avenues of advance by the Val Lagarina and the Val Sugna. They have even brought the Austrians to a standstill outside the towns of Arsiero and Asiago. They have checked the advance down the Rovereto-Schio road. If the Austrians could get to Schio they would secure possession of the single line to the Vicenza railway, which is their immediate objective. From Asiago, there is a single line to Schio. The invaders have been held there, however, and they have made no progress over the six miles between their positions about Asiago and the station at Valstagna, the occupation or domination of which would turn the Italian line in the Val Sugna.

The Italians have fought stubbornly and skilfully against a great weight of metal, and they now hold the Austrians.

* * *

DURING the last week they have had the relief of seeing the only one of the Allies who can help them come to their aid. General Brussiloff has set his whole line in motion from the Pripet to the Rumanian borders. The advance has been most marked so far in Volhynia, where Lutsk, the westernmost of the three fortresses, has now been recaptured from the enemy, who has held it since the close of his offensive last year. Lutsk commands the Rovno-Brest railway, and that is its chief military importance. At Okna, 150 miles to the south, the advance has also been marked, and the Austrians admit a withdrawal of three miles. If the advance can be pushed in this area, it is probable that Czernowitz will not hold out very long, and the moral and political consequences of such a success near the Rumanian frontier need no laboring. North-west of Tarnopol there has also been a significant advance. Tarnopol is the junction of the main lines of supply to Eastern Galicia.

* * *

So far the offensive has only been in progress a week. The bombardment commenced towards the end of last week, and the infantry assaults began on Sunday. The fighting has been violent and costly. The Russians have already captured over 60,000 prisoners, with many guns, machine-guns, and trench mortars. It is difficult to conceive the Austrians fighting with much heart in Italy if Russia makes progress with her invasion. We understand that our Ally is now well equipped with munitions. If these are really adequate, Brussiloff may repeat the campaign of 1914. But if he does, or even if he can repeat a substantial part of it, the campaign must have a real, and perhaps a decisive, effect upon the war. We cannot, as yet, judge of the chances of such a development; but Russia has begun well, and the signs are auspicious.

* * *

THE fighting at Verdun has been, for the last week, the struggle for the battered remains of Fort Vaux. It was taken by the German reports on March 9th. By that time it had already suffered the concentrated bombardment of the German heavy artillery for sixteen days, and it is difficult to express, without superlatives, the intensity of fire directed upon it during the last ten days. The Germans again claimed to have taken it upon June 6th. The fact is they then succeeded in enveloping it; but with a heroism which stands out even on this field of deathless deeds, Major Raynal, with a tiny garrison, held out against repeated onslaughts until the next morning. The importance of this loss is that the Germans gain a position from which they may be able to turn the French front at Douaumont. Fort Vaux was an observation post commanding the Woivre plain. But the French positions beyond are even stronger. Fort Souville crowns a higher eminence, and is flanked on the east by Fort Tavannes and on the west by the Côte de Froid Terre. Fort Vaux is a step towards Verdun and nothing more. And if the Germans wish to consolidate their gain they will be faced by more bitter sacrifices than they have yet made.

* * *

THE Germans last Friday began an attack upon the British positions about the Ypres-Menin road. The bombardment of Hoge and the neighboring sector of the line is said to have been the heaviest yet experienced upon the British front. Shortly after noon the infantry attacks were launched, and the Canadians, who had been driven from their levelled trenches, had

to give ground. The extent of the retirement seems to have been about half a-mile over a front of over a mile. Vigorous counter-attacks were made on Saturday evening; but again the new positions gained were rendered untenable by shell fire. The greatest advance was made in the centre, and nearly half the ground lost was retaken. There was a second heavy attack upon Tuesday, but the small local successes have little tactical importance. The Canadians, however, suffered very heavily. It looks as if the effect of the action had been to accentuate the Ypres salient, and therefore make it harder to hold.

* * *

THE full text of the German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag on Monday calls for close reading. Superficially it is a defiant and even bellicose speech, and the earlier summaries omitted all the subtler touches. Its tone was certainly boastful, and even triumphant. The Entente had refused to negotiate on the existing basis of the war-map. So be it. The war-map, since that offer was made, had been still further modified in Germany's favor. The Battle of Jutland was a token that Germany would in this war win the freedom of the seas for herself, "and also for the smaller peoples." The German people had shown that it could bear privations, but even in the matter of the food supply, the prospect brightened. "A gracious Heaven allows a good harvest to ripen here." He congratulated himself on having done his best to pave the way for peace, but the enemy had repelled his overtures with scorn. "Consequently, all further talk of peace initiated by us becomes futile and an evil."

* * *

THIS reads like a slamming of the door. But in the rest of his speech the Chancellor, under the guise of a reply to his critics of the Right, boldly took his stand with the Left. He turned his guns upon the ultra-militarists, who have striven to make a legend of his weakness. He seemed to take on his own shoulders the responsibility for three days' delay in the issue of the declaration of war, a delay which he required in the hope of securing British neutrality, evidently calculating that if we stood aside, Russia and France would yield. That was his "pacifism," and clearly what he wanted was not war, but a resonant, bullying, diplomatic victory, won by threats without blows. From this he went on to meet the charge that he leaned on the Socialists and other "pacifically-tinted politicians." So far from denying this, he boasted of his success in uniting the country, and turned aside to eulogize the German masses. It was a bid for popular support, and in that sense it means peace.

* * *

THE news that Yuan-Shih-Kai is dead will surprise no one. This event seems likely to relieve a desperately tangled internal situation, and the commentator must be content to remark that Yuan, in the classical phrase, was "fortunate in the opportunity of his death." It might have happened in another way, if it had not occurred, as the veracious telegrams assert, from natural causes. The fact was that the Dictator had not succeeded in placating the revolted provinces by his renunciation of his claim to an Imperial Crown. They called very naturally for his resignation of the Presidency. Clearly at this point his career was morally over. No one could either fear or trust a Republican President who had tried and failed to make himself an Emperor. The event has befallen very quietly. The Vice-President, Li-Huan-Hung, has stepped into the Presidency with every hope that both North and South will accept him. He it was who first raised the standard against the Manchus, and his Republicanism is not suspect.

Politics and Affairs.

"THE DAY" AND THE MORROW.

THE greatest naval battle in history has been fought and won. The two mightiest fleets the world has ever known have measured themselves against each other for the first time, and although we are as yet unable to achieve a final appraisal of the whole course and results of the fighting, we can formulate certain important conclusions. Every element and adjunct of modern naval power has been tried in the ordeal of fire, and we are left with a fairly definite, if general, idea of the chances and hazards of naval warfare.

The battle was deliberately sought by our fleet. The German fleet was steaming between Horn's Reef and the Skager Rack, on the afternoon of May 31st, "on an enterprise directed northward." What that may have been we can only conjecture. It seems probable that it was the convoy of certain cruisers, which now lie at the bottom of the sea, past the cordon that pens in the German fleet and mercantile marine. If these had escaped they might have preyed upon our commerce for months. As it happened, the Grand Fleet had accurate information of the German enterprise, since it was able to join battle some four hours after the battle cruiser squadron was engaged. Probably the slower main fleet left its base before the cruiser squadron, which was obviously employed as a trap to draw in by ostentatious action the entire German force. The battle-cruiser squadron, headed by Admiral Beatty in the "Lion," seems to have been steaming eastward when, in the mist, it sighted the German light cruisers, von Hipper's advance guard, steaming north-west, about six miles distant. He steamed to meet von Hipper's battle-cruisers, which turned and ran back for the main German fleet. Beatty's later movements had a simple object. He knew that his force had come into contact with tremendous odds, and that it was necessary to lure the Germans further from the coast, so as to enlarge his own manœuvring room and to get the enemy into a better position for Sir John Jellicoe. He therefore turned south-west and then north-west. In this position, parallel to the Germans, the battle continued for some time.

At first, Sir David Beatty, with six battle-cruisers, had engaged the five battle-cruisers under von Hipper, and lost two battle-cruisers against one which he sank. This stage of the battle had lasted but a short time when the main German fleet arrived, and though Sir David Beatty was joined by the four fast battleships of the "Queen Elizabeth" class, the "Valiant," and the rest, the whole German High Seas Fleet, under von Scheer, was lined up against him, and it is astonishing that he escaped with no loss. The sun was sinking in the west when Sir John Jellicoe's strategy matured and he steamed into the fight. There remained from half-an-hour to an hour of light. A rain of shells descended on the German fleet, under which it faltered, and, after heavy losses and general battering, dispersed, the bulk falling back upon Heligoland and part sailing into the Baltic. Fighting continued during the night, the German torpedo-boats covering the retreat with repeated charges like massed infantry, and our own smaller fry attempting to pierce the enemy's guard and get their torpedoes home. This died down in the early morning. Sir John Jellicoe traversed and re-traversed the battlefield, and finding no enemy, returned to port and coaled in preparation for any further engagement.

This seems to be the bald narrative of one of the most thrilling encounters in history. Naval warfare still

seems, despite its scientific adjuncts, to have the greatest affinity to the medieval tournament. There is the terrible speed of the fighting, the severe and formidable line of the great armored knights, the swarm of smaller fry which dash round like the squires and get in a blow where they may, the chance of death or glory for the reckless chivalry of the individual. In the actual battle we have such episodes as that of the "Warspite" going to the rescue of the "Warrior," guarding the weaker vessel with her own body, and dealing deadly blows all round on her behalf. We see a handful of survivors of the "Shark" singing hymns on a raft in the thick of the tumult. Murderous holes are torn in the side of the huge ships, through which the sea rushes in. There is the deafening roar of monster guns. Flames burst from the interior of a mighty vessel: a single explosion is heard, and the ship is gone. Cruisers and battleships tear their way across the waters through swarms of human bodies. As night comes on, the searchlights blaze through the mists, the firing becomes desultory, and at length ceases.

After the battle, the cold morning light half-reveals and half-conceals the issues of the conflict. Both sides have suffered heavy damage and serious loss. We have lost the "Queen Mary," the "Invincible," and "Indefatigable," all battle-cruisers. The armored cruisers "Black Prince," "Defence," and "Warrior," have gone, and eight destroyers. The Germans now admit the loss of the great battle-cruiser the "Lützow," of the battleship "Pommern," the cruisers "Wiesbaden," "Rostock," "Frauenlob," and "Elbing," and "some" destroyers. The loss of the "Lützow" and the "Rostock" was concealed for a week after the engagement, that of the "Elbing" was not admitted until some survivors were landed, and it is obvious that Germany does not intend to confess more than she must. The Admiralty claims that a submarine was sunk, and that the number of the lost German destroyers was nine. It believes that two battleships of the "Kaiser" class were sunk (and there is other evidence of this). It seems almost certain that the two battle-cruisers have gone, and a third, the "Seydlitz," has been disabled, beached, and lost for many months of service. If this be true, the balance of damage inflicted is well upon our side. There is ample witness that Germany is still concealing her true loss. It is, we believe, a correct estimate that she has been stripped of a third of her fleet.

But whatever be the loss and whatever Germany's claim, the plain facts of the case are these: She set out with her full fleet to achieve something in the north. She pounded a section of our fleet, which met and held her; and, on the appearance of the main fleet, steamed, after a brief, disastrous, and utterly unequal conflict, for home. This was her correct tactics, assuming that she had no chance of decisively beating the British fleet. But it was her inferiority alone that made it correct tactics, and there must be a famishing appetite for success in Germany when such an exploit can be proclaimed as a "victory." A few more such triumphs, and the German fleet will be no more. Von Scheer fought well. Our own tactics were, we think, correct and skilful, and their full fruition was lost by a stroke of Nature rather than a deficiency in art. We may well be proud of the incomparable bravery of our officers and men. They returned from the fight with the conviction and elation of victory. Nor have we a right to assume that Admiral Beatty was rash in engaging the whole German fleet. It is clear that the battle-cruiser squadron had orders to hold on at all costs, and the fact that in this stage of the battle he suffered no loss is ample proof that his leading was as skilful as it was

daring. Our only doubt is as to the employment of the armored cruisers.

But the grand issues are clear. Germany's "Day" has no morrow to whose dawn her naval strategists can look with hope. The German fleet is no match for ours. It may never emerge again, save for unsubstantial raids. Its ability to break, or weaken, the blockade has been decisively tested, and the German admirals must already have reported the scuttling of all such hopes, adventures, and policies. The command of the seas remains ours, and will so remain till the end of the war. If these results have been temporarily obscured, we must thank the Admiralty, which has added a brief burden of anxiety to the nation's grief for the loss of gallant officers and men, cut off in the flowing tide of youth and promise. It is hard to speak with restraint of a public office which sowed the distrust and dismay that spread through the country on Friday week. Admittedly, it spoke without full knowledge. But it spoke also without imagination or the power to present a reasoned and duly proportioned account of the facts. This is a characteristic fault of our governing classes; happily the nation has in its bosom the means to correct and annul it.

THE POWER OF LORD KITCHENER.

LORD KITCHENER's death is a tragedy, but not a national calamity. No great nation in its adventures in arms or polity—its exterior or interior life—depends on one of its sons alone. Itself is its own salvation; the assemblage of gifts and virtues for which it stands, and its relationship and affinity to the Power that moves the world. Lord Kitchener was one of our representative men; but again that kind of man lives half in what he achieves and half in what he leaves behind. The first part of Lord Kitchener's service was essentially a closed book, and during the last few months his sphere of work was undergoing a gradual contraction. The second part, his firm, dignified, and sober witness to the strength of the British character, remains deeply stamped on our memories by the rude hand of death. It was a solid testimony. Lord Kitchener's figure detached itself in massive outline equally from charlatanry and from vivid improvisation. His work was slow. The South African War was slowly ended; the campaign against the Mahdis planned with measured preparation; no quick initiative or striking originality of mind marked his general control of our share in the European War. In the summer of 1914 he bade his countrymen prepare for a long struggle; it was not in his nature to underestimate the immobility or the resistance of things, or to mask them by an effort of genius. He had the English deliberateness; in face and character he suggested and almost revived the John Bull of convention and caricature. He was adequate to most emergencies but the very greatest; when that came he made a large contribution to his country's need. The Empire formed him; he gave it back all that it had a right to ask.

Lord Kitchener indeed, following the inevitable career of our military chiefs, was an Imperial rather than a British General. While he was a far less brilliant soldier than Lord Roberts, he was much more of a statesman. He was a true Pro-consul. He made wars for us, and concluded them; but his best services were partly military, partly political. He was a diplomatist of high value to such an Empire as ours, where his shrewd geniality served us even better than his soldierly gifts. This silent and extremely dour-looking man had the capacity of winning his antagonists; and not the least of his victories were his conquests of General Marchand and

General Botha. He was a warrior with a vigilant eye on peace, and the essentially civil talent which, as one of his critics remarks, would have made him an admirable manager of a great railway system. He divined instinctively the kind of friendly settlement required of him in South Africa, and the importance of relaxing the Anglo-French tension in the northern Continent. And he was almost ideally suited to the transition period in Egypt. A Constitution he could hardly have made; but he was the last and best of our long line of "Cadis under the palm-tree." These achievements, and the universal legend of his personality, made him, when the war broke out, the figure in which the British genius best expressed itself. It was in his name therefore that the great volunteer armies were constituted. They might have had a better organization; but they sprang naturally from the soil as "Kitchener's men." Not magical in mind or presence, he had still the kind of magic that called an Empire into the field.

Lord Kitchener was less obviously suited to the almost insuperable task of welding these levies into modern armies. He did not know the War Office; he did not know the "latest thing" in soldiering; he did not know the home army. In this sense, therefore, he was not a scientific soldier. And he was Oriental in the sense that his life was spent mainly in the exercise of one-man power. The delegation of work at which all Committees, from the Cabinet downwards, aim was not his special aptitude, and in the gigantic improvisation for which he was responsible, he collected more duties than even his diligence could discharge. He dispersed the General Staff in administrative or in fighting functions; and when the problems of the campaigns began to open out in their full complexity, there was wanting the systematic thought that should have been behind them, and that no one man could supply, even from the most varied experience. He had method; but hardly the great imaginative method of the first-rate organizer. The concentration of work had in the end to be relaxed, and the General Staff to be reconstituted. He was slow to change; the chief example to the contrary being his rather sudden abandonment of the voluntary system, in which he firmly believed. He therefore lived a little behind the breathless pace of this war. His large and broad view of its magnitude and duration was of essential service to the national will and to the statesmen on whom it was impressed. But we expected too much of the soldier-mind, even of a soldier-diplomatist like Kitchener, when we yielded to it the tremendous authority that an autocratic Secretaryship of War carried with it after the creation of the new armies. Our statesmen should have furnished him at once with the rational organ which modern war requires, and, having firmly seated a General Staff in power, have seen that the State reaped the largest possible benefit from it.

We shall therefore only do full justice to this striking personality if we grasp the moral of his career. An Indian and Eastern Empire takes much from the Mother Country. It spends her boldest and ablest children, ageing them beneath its blazing suns, and giving their minds the impress of its older civilizations, with their autocratic traditions and deliberate Orientalism. Too long have we allowed that tradition to linger. The time is ripe and over-ripe for change in India. But the greatest sufferer is the Motherland. For the last three generations of our national life, the needs of the Empire have subtracted too much from the energies of the race; too little has been done with the problem of Home Government. When we get an Imperial figure like Lord Kitchener, and find the nation alive with the notion of his distinction and power, we make a kind of dictator of

him, only to create later embarrassments for our statesmen. But "here or nowhere is our America." Soldiering cannot save us; forethought, mental discipline, method, are our most needed agents for getting the best stuff out of a country that abounds in material, and is lacking only in the right use of it. We agree with the "Times" that we must now recur to a civil administration of the army, and must in no way distract Sir William Robertson from the all-important work with which we have entrusted him. Lord Kitchener's ideal successor in the now curtailed functions of a War Secretary would be the best man of business we can spare from the Cabinet or outside it, with full authority to represent the Army in the House of Commons. The dissociation of the Army from Parliament—for Lord Kitchener was hardly a Parliamentary figure—has had disastrous results. Things have been done, and defended on the floor of the House of Commons, incompatible with liberty or order. The War Office has long been an uncontrolled, as well as a confused and unmethodical, institution. It cannot be allowed to spend money, to waste money, and to usurp powers after the fashion of the last twenty-two months. Lord Kitchener was probably as good a manager as the Army could produce. But the War Office is essentially a great "business" concern, and those who realize the want of co-ordination between its departments know that it is civilian experience of which it most stands in need.

OUR WANT IN EDUCATION.

THE mood in which our rulers fixed unerringly upon education as the first victim of war economies seems at length to be passing. The economies, to be sure, have been carried out, and some of them were inevitable. Building ceased when builders could no longer be found; teachers' salaries were saved when teachers went to the front; the Universities are deserts, and everywhere children are withdrawn from the class-room to meet the urgent cry for labor. The cost of war to a nation's intellectual promise and resources must be measured, not merely by the slaughter of its youth, but also by the interruption of studies and the dislocation of the whole apparatus of learning. The new generation, when peace comes, will be dangerously near to the case of the "backward" boy, who returns to his books after two fallow years. The struggle, none the less, has gone on, conducted sometimes with real heroism, to keep the standards of peace-time from degradation. The rough hand of the economist has been kept as a rule, though not always, from the medical work of the elementary schools, which at first seemed to be in peculiar peril. The vitality of secondary education has shown itself in such efforts of adaptation as the introduction of some teaching of modern European history, and, here and there, even by the admission of Russian as a subject of study. How much resolute thinking the teachers have been doing in a constructive direction is shown by the progress among them of the movement for a sweeping reform of our whole educational system. It makes for hope that this demand should come from the teaching profession, even before the outside public has had leisure to think about it. If our whole system is backward, ill-organized, starved of money, stinted of consideration, and gravely behind those of all the more progressive Continental countries, the fault does not lie in the main with the teachers. It is not so much any indifference or even conservatism on their part which explains our deficiencies, as the want of encouragement from which they suffer, and the atmosphere of contempt for the things of the mind in which they work.

Their reformers have probably done wisely to refrain at the first stage from presenting any detailed programme of their own, though their council is actively at work on the elaboration of a scheme. No programme can well be undertaken until peace returns. The first step must be inquiry, a thorough exploration of the whole field, and a careful but not too dilatory examination of constructive proposals. The Royal Commission on National Education, for which the reformers are pressing, will certainly be granted, and there ought to be no further delay in setting it up. Such bodies are not famous for rapid work, and its report ought to be available at the moment when the country resumes its interrupted tasks.

In one direction there is no doubt that the lesson of the war has been learned. We have paid our tribute, even it may be with some unnecessary humility, to the superiority of the enemy in the application of the sciences, not merely to the business of war, but to the business of peace. There will be a proper and unanswerable demand for the improvement of our whole system of technical education, for the better and more general teaching of national science in our schools, and for the encouragement of research, above all in applied chemistry. On all of this even the commercial world will insist, and it will have its way. But we shall miss our real lesson if our diagnosis of our deficiency halts here. The really important fact about the England of the years before the war was not that it was backward in the applied sciences, in the organization of business, and in the study of modern languages, but rather that it was content to be backward. The backwardness was a sign of a mental condition, which is not to be cured merely by sending selected young men to work in a chemical laboratory. The amazing progress of modern Germany was the fruit, not simply of much patient and enthusiastic study by specialists, but of a standard of general education vastly more exacting than ours. The Germans were fortunate in possessing their great army of highly-trained scientific experts, but they were more fortunate still in possessing a middle class and a commercial class which appreciated science and organization. Their superiority lay, not merely in having the chemists to employ, but even more in having the business men who were eager to employ them. Our lack lay, less in the want of specialists, than in the narrowness, the conservatism, and the want of imagination of those who should have been eager to demand their services. It is a profound mistake to suppose that the progress of modern industrial Germany was imposed on her from above by a competent bureaucracy. The bureaucracy did much for her, but it was able to organize because it had to deal with a public intelligent enough and schooled enough to demand organization. The new economic development did not come from a raw nation. It sprang from a people which in dreams and in poverty had cultivated a great deal of disinterested learning, and made an educated middle-class long before it aspired to a share in world trade. We shall diagnose our own case amiss, unless we aim, not merely at the improvement of our technical training, but also at the raising of our whole standard of education.

The traditional controversy between the advocates of a classical as opposed to a scientific education has broken out once more, as it always does at such times. The lesson that has to be learned about our case is much larger than any question of the curriculum. The main point is rather that we have to face a discipline very much more exacting, and to aim at creating in the new generation a new habit of mind. The specialist, the expert, the leader, and the thinker are produced when a society

demands them. The inadequate expert, the empirical politician, and the clap-trap journalist are what a middle-class deserves which has never submitted itself to more than the smatterings of an education, and has walked out of the school-door untrained to any sort of consecutive thinking. The true case against the school of the past was not that the classical learning with which it equipped a small minority was of doubtful utility, but rather that it allowed a majority to slip through it without acquiring any real education whatever. The great achievement of the German system is that it has somehow learned to care for the average and to raise the average. Impressions derived from the chance intercourse of travel are not to be trusted too far, and if we were asked to justify this belief, we should refer to such evidence as one may find by contrasting the intellectual calibre of newspapers, periodicals, and publishers' popular series. Our journalism has by far the better news service, more art in its arrangement, and perhaps the more readable style. But the German public asks for a learned, discursive, elaborately-reasoned article, especially on the literary page, which the English public would not endure. Its monthly magazines seem to appeal to a public which cares much less than our own for the hot party topics of the day, and much more for elaborate historical essays. The cheap reprint, again, is an older institution in Germany than with us, and though there are no German series to compare in form and taste with some of ours, we have nothing that touches "Reclam" in comprehensiveness and universality. Imagine Kant (complete) at twopence a volume, and all the modern Russian and Scandinavian classics on sale at the same price for ten or twenty years before our public saw them at all! Nor is the contrast confined to the middle-classes. We have often wondered what the English working-man would make of the serious scientific articles on economic questions which appear continually as "leaders" on the front page of "Vorwärts"—a thriving daily paper, run by a workers' party, which earns a big profit by the sale of this solid and even heavy fare. The central fact in any educational comparison between the two peoples is that the average mind there has in all classes been trained to follow reasoning easily, and to read books with pleasure which to the average mind here are a little too exacting.

It is on this foundation of a much higher general level of education that German specialization and German organization have been built. We have every sympathy with the cry for "more science," and we would make no defence for the artificial perpetuation of the classics in their pride of place by the "dead hand" of scholarships and foundations. There is little doubt that the average boy or girl will profit more by a really thorough study of French, German, or Russian, than by compulsory Greek. But such admissions need not carry us into the camp of those who would reconstruct the nation's education with a narrowly utilitarian purpose, and with professional specialization for its aim. We should plead ourselves for more modern history and more European history in schools, and for some such introduction to economics and philosophy as the French Lycées give. A society which itself lacks a broad and humane education cannot use the specialist. It does not know his value, and will not spontaneously give him his chance, and when by dint of hard experience it suddenly but dimly learns his worth, it is itself too ignorant to control him. To raise the general level of education is to create a society which will be exacting and yet sympathetic in its dealings with the specialist, and more critical and discerning in its choice of leaders, capable in a word of employing minds, because it has learned to think.

THE WAR AND BRITISH LIBERTIES.

III.—THE CLAIMS OF THE STATE UPON THE INDIVIDUAL.

WE are told that these restrictions of liberty are necessary to preserve the unity of the nation and to make its full resources available for the emergency of war. In a war of self-defence the State is entitled to override all personal rights of life, liberty, and property, and to compel all citizens to perform such personal services as it requires. *Salus reipublicæ suprema lex.* Upon every criticism of these inroads upon liberty falls the retort, "Don't you want to win the war?" which conveniently dispenses with the necessity of proving that the burden or the sacrifice required does help to win the war.

But what validity attaches to the assertion or assumption that in a struggle for national safety the State has a right, and even a duty, to cancel all personal rights of individual citizens and to enforce their surrender? No reasonable person would deny that many of the emergency measures taken by our Government during the period of the war are salutary. But the question remains, "Are there no right or reasonable limits to the encroachment of the State on personal liberties?" Or, to put it conversely, "Does the individual owe an absolute and unlimited obedience to the State at such a time?" Now, if these questions were put to a "good" German citizen, his answer would be that there were no limits to the power of the State or the submission of the individual. This is the orthodox theory and practice of the Prussian State, not only in war, but in peace. The individual citizen exists there only as a servant of the State, and his value consists only in contributing to the power and purposes of the State. In war-time this power and purpose are expressed primarily in terms of military energy, and the citizen is merely cannon-food. Must we, ought we, and can we adopt this principle of State for the period of the war? Those who reply in the affirmative should have the honesty to admit that in a war for the "idea" of liberty they are throwing away the substance of liberty, and that in order to destroy the body of Prussianism they are taking on its soul. For British liberty does not consist merely in the negative condition of not being subject to a foreign power, but in the positive enjoyment of those personal rights which are now passing. Prussianism again consists, not in the rule of the Kaiser and his army, but in the spirit of the Prussian State, its absolute control over the will of its citizens. It is consistent with the German conception of the State to impose military obedience upon all its citizens in all their actions. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die" is as applicable there to the citizen in his workshop or his home, as to the soldier in the trenches. The State has imposed itself as a super-personality upon the individual citizen, who is taught and compelled to regard himself, his activity, and his very will, as mere instruments of this higher personality.

Now the doctrine of the absolute State is no modern one. Tyrannical thinkers and rulers have always maintained it. It has not lacked intellectual support in this country. Hobbes's "Leviathan" was a full-blooded expression of the doctrine, and seventeenth-century political controversy reeked with its arrogance. But the modern conception and policy of the British State has definitely repudiated this absolutism. It has steadfastly refused to regard the individual as a mere means to the power and purpose of the State. In the British conception of the State, the individual citizen figures as an end, with infeasible rights attaching to his own personality. Indeed, the British conception regards the State

itself as the means or instrument to subvert and to promote the personal ends of its citizens. Although modern Socialism and the doctrine of the general or collective will have modified or confused this simpler individualism, it still remains the case that in the British idea of the State the individual is an end as well as a means. Now this admission is fatal to the contention that even in war-time the power of the State to coerce the individual is unlimited. For such unrestricted power, such claim to reduce the citizen to a dumb subservient tool, is a commission of political suicide. Whereas the Prussian State exacts implicit blind obedience, the British State rests on a basis of personal free-will. Our ideal of self-government requires that the right of the individual to consult his own good and make his own choice, even to the extent of refusing private sacrifices to the public good, shall be preserved at all costs. In opposition to the Prussian State, which is absolutely centralized in its power and control, the British State is organic in the sense that it is a free corporation of cells and organs which, while contributing to the life of the organism, preserve also their private liberties and ends.

The bane of the military state is the tendency to crush the spiritual and physical liberty of the individual, in favor of a strong military system. The policy of our Defence of the Realm Act has been distorted to this purpose. Nor are the intellectual defenders of this Prussian theory lacking amongst us. Here is the pure milk of Prussianism from the mouth of Professor Sir Henry Jones, in a speech recently delivered at Bangor:—

"He claimed that the State had a right to compel, provided it stood for its own welfare. It owned us, we belonged to it. We derived the very substance of our soul from the organized community in which we lived and which we called the State."

Dr. Holland Rose, one of our leading historians, maintains that:—

"Nearly every thinker in politics, from Aristotle to Jaurès, has agreed that the claim of the community on the individual is paramount, and that, in time of crisis, the individual must be called upon to sacrifice his all for the society without whose guardianship his single life is insignificant."

Now, in this definitely Prussian position, I find several deep-rooted errors. In the first place, there is the false identification of the claims of the State with those of the "community" or "society." In fact, the State is only a single aspect or instrument of society. What Sir H. Jones calls "the substance of our soul" is only to a very limited extent furnished by the political organization of the State, as distinguished from the many other modes in which society moulds and educates us. Society works upon and through the individual personality, not only as the citizen of a State, but as the member of a family, a church, a business, a club, and many other social institutions, and still more subtly and powerfully through language, literature, science, commerce, philanthropy, and other social arts. This arrogant assumption of a suzerainty of the State over all other social relations, as if a man were only incidentally a father, a workman, a friend, a student, a human being, and always first and foremost a subject of the State, is the very kernel of the Prussian idea.

In the second place, this theory of our Prussians is philosophically false. Not even in the wider meaning that we attribute to "society" can it be held that "the substance of our soul" is a merely social product. Man has his place not only in human society but in that larger system of things which we call the Universe.

Religious and philosophic thinkers have always striven against the false limitation of the view which regards a man as a mere repository of social activities and duties, owning no regard to those needs and impulses of his nature which transcend humanity and relate him to the larger life of the Cosmos. This is not an idle speculation, or a merely theoretical consideration. It inspires and gives meaning to some of the most powerful feelings which affect human conduct, the delight in Nature, the sympathy with all the processes of organic life, the central passion of all science, the groping towards some common laws of order in the world, and the poetical or mystical vision of a single spirit flowing through the diverse channels of a universal life, of which humanity is but a part.

If such considerations seem to carry us far away from the concrete topic of civil liberty, I would remind readers that the attempt of arbitrary statesmen to override them has been responsible for some of the great tragedies of history, the persecution of the finest, largest-minded, and most sincere men and women who at all times have insisted that in their religion, their science, their morals, and their politics, they owed their first allegiance to a higher authority than the State, an authority to which they sometimes gave the name of Conscience, God, Humanity, or the Truth. So, at the present time there are those who, in this and other lands, feel impelled to protest by word and act against the spirit and the practices of war, and the demands which their several States make upon them for its support and conduct. The first instinct of those who represent a State at war is not to tolerate such dissentient displays of personality, but to repress them forcibly, so as to preserve the formal unity of the nation. But this formal unity is dearly bought at the cost of real consent. It presents to the world a merely external solidarity procured by a violent suppression of dissentient wills. Even in Germany, where the survival of a feudal spirit of allegiance and discipline has co-operated with the careful direction of education to instil the habit of implicit obedience to the State, such dissent exists and is recognized as an inner weakness of the political and military system. But here, where the invasion of free personality has none of these preparations, the shock brings far more moral disintegration. Take conscription as the crucial test. The mind of a young German, however repugnant military service and acts of war may be to his feelings, has become so accustomed to the over-lordship of the State as to make the required sacrifice of personal feelings an act of voluntary service, involving no clear sense of personal degradation. It is, indeed, the philosophical defence of German thinkers that the general will of the people freely acquiesces in, or even actively approves, this complete subservience of the private personality. So far as it is a true claim, it appears to be a source both of moral and of material strength to the German State, at any rate for purposes of immediate action. But we base our claim for the superiority of the British State upon a profound conviction that, whatever may be the superficial advantages of this suppression of personal diversities of thought and feeling, it makes in the long run for political weakness and degradation. We maintain that there is a net economy of political strength and progress in encouraging the free play of personal views and sentiments, even when they impede the smooth activity of some particular State function. For this sort of free-will, with all its elements of faction and perversity, nourishes a sounder social system and gives more vitality and adaptability to political institutions than the submissive unity that prevails in Germany.

J. A. HOBSON.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It is a great feat for the British Admiralty to win a battle on the sea and lose it in a dispatch. In form, I suppose, the *communiqué* of last Friday just escaped the charge that it announced a defeat. But in substance that charge is true. Tone, arrangement, perspective, the gloomy opening, the inconclusive ending of the document, told a tale whose meaning one read in the face of every friend and acquaintance one met in those distressful hours. I imagine London was more confounded by the news of Lord Kitchener's death. That was a blow; but the tale of the Admiralty was a wound that went to the heart. It is really an unspeakable meanness for Mr. Balfour to throw back on the press his Department's want of imagination and constructive sense. The press did not say half what the people felt, and, indeed, its directors may reflect with some pride that the youngest sub-editor in Fleet Street would not have committed such a *gaucherie* without a rating. The Admiralty had hugged to itself the news of the proceeding battle for hours—apparently neither the Cabinet nor the War Council knew anything about it—and then gave it to the world in an uncompleted form. Its author, I suppose, took Admiral Jellicoe's facts as they came, without waiting to see what their moral was, or constructing it for himself, as indeed the best informed were just able to do after a reading and re-reading of the dispatch. But Mr. Balfour and his colleagues will long have cause to remember the suffering it caused, and the wrath that followed when the Fleet came home and the truth filtered through the tale of glory its members had to tell. And that is not an unmixed evil.

For a deed of fame it was. The spirit of the Fleet and the strategy of its commander were equally, I think, to be admired. And if the result of Jutland was not a Trafalgar, it was Nature that robbed us of that crowning issue. Robbed we were by the loss of a few minutes of light and clear seeing. Good judges think that the German fleet has lost a third of its strength, and that two more such engagements (let alone a fought-out fight) would leave it with a mere remnant of submarines and destroyers. From the time when Jellicoe steamed up and formed his arched line with magnificent regularity, the German fleet had not a chance. In seamanship and gunnery it was quite outclassed. Ship after ship burst into flames under our marksmanship; and retreat (admirably conducted by the German commander) was inevitable if the High Seas Fleet was to exist for the remainder of the war. After the encounter, brief as it was, not a shadow of doubt rests, not merely on the superior force of our Navy as a mass, but on its superior quality in detail.

LORD KITCHENER did not outwardly court affection (though I think that, like most shy people, he greatly prized it), but he certainly received it in rich measure. He was neither so clever nor so ungentle as his formidable appearance—due in some measure to a slight defect of vision—suggested. I think that of all the offices he held, the one in which he was happiest was that of the uncrowned King of Egypt. It suited his personal habits.—such as his love of collecting and of a country life—extremely well, gave him a human interest in the lot of the fellahs that he so greatly ameliorated, and was the kind of personal rule—highly centred and half-military—in which he excelled. He was more popular than either of his predecessors, and while lacking

their knowledge and intellectual force, was in some respects a better ruler. His War Office and Cabinet experience was more trying. He had an instinctive knowledge of character; and often felt his way to his new work and environment with great skill. His appointments were not always good—for the "Kitchener" lot were not so good as the "Wolseley" lot. His colleagues liked him, and even revelled in his personality, but they found him too reticent, and not quite at ease in his difficult seat. He worked deliberately. The theatre of war was too vast, its problems too urgent and too new, for a man of his age and training. He had a dry humor, traces of which appeared to the delighted House of Commons in the private interview. He did not relish criticism, but bore it with manliness. Thus he was much chaffed at a luncheon party over a famous newspaper attack. He sat silent, flushing a little. At last he turned on his tormentors. "Well, I got the Garter out of it," he said gruffly. Between him and Botha a strong mutual affection existed, and I shall not easily forget the lighting up of Botha's face, when, through the dim wastes of a London reception, his eye caught the approach of "K.'s" mighty form.

THOSE who assign the War Office to this or that statesman hardly consider what the headship of that organization in the stage of development or no-development it has now reached, implies. It is no longer a great *political* post, and strategy is now in the hands of the General Staff. Its Secretaryship is the centre of immense detail, needing a long, arduous apprenticeship ("You want three years to understand the War Office," said an ex-Secretary to me); and the necessary qualities are the "business" ones—faculty of work, grasp of intricate facts, and the capacity to co-ordinate bodies of (often warring) specialists and departmental administrators. The whole machinery wants overhauling, with a view to a sweeping reform. Moreover, the Parliamentary situation must be bettered. Mr. Tennant has never had power or knowledge, and the monstrous invasions of liberty of which the Office has been guilty during the last few months can only be checked by a politician of Cabinet rank and good Parliamentary experience. The Prime Minister will, one hopes, be in the saddle for some little time, and then hand over the reins to a colleague who (like Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Law) has distinctly commercial experience.

WILL the President finally offer mediation? I think he will. Only those who have been recently in the States can realize how passionate is the American desire for peace, how vehement the demand that America should come in and end the war. America is sickened and horrified, and she thinks she has a mission to end the horrors. She is restive under the interference with her trade and free intercourse, and under this pressure her old-fashioned and merely passive neutralism begins to give way. Naturally, if Mr. Wilson intervenes, the force of his action will depend on Germany's willingness to set Belgium absolutely free and to satisfy France. [On this latter point the German hint of a compromise in Lorraine is not, I think, to be overlooked.] Is not Germany more likely to look at such a proposition if it is presented her by a Power like America, who can say to her—"Give back Belgium and indemnify her, and we will see that England and France play fair, and do not seek to make a mere Anglo-French *enclave* of her"? I don't over-emphasize this suggestion. But it ought to be in the field of our vision.

Is it really essential to embroider the news of our battles by sea and land with such an honors list as appeared on Saturday morning? The "Telegraph" seemed so entranced by it that, ignoring the greatest sea-battle of our times, it devoted the whole of its poster to the fascinating birth of "five new peers" and other signs of the party whips in labor. Was it really necessary to revive this side of our political activities (with one or two repugnant fruits of them) at a moment like this, or even to signalize them with an "O.M." for Mr. Balfour? That is a certificate of eminence that all the world is ready to put in Mr. Balfour's hands, but not just at this hour, when he is a Cabinet Minister, and an honor of this select and cloistered kind seems divided between his distinction as an intellectual and his record as an administrator. The "O.M." should surely have been secluded from the trail of politics. Now they come creeping in.

SOME of the less conspicuous honors are those on which the public has most reason to congratulate itself. Such are the rewards of Mr. Beilby and Mr. Farmer, both eminent in their special domains, and of Captain Crease—one of the best and ablest heads in the Admiralty.

I HEAR the idea of a Liberal daily paper, specially devoted to the policy and personality of Mr. Lloyd George, has been abandoned, if it was ever seriously entertained.

I SEE, by the way, in the "Daily Mail," under the signature "H. W. W.," the statement that Lord Haldane was "credited with opposing the despatch of any expeditionary force to France," that the "one hope of saving the situation and getting rid of Lord Haldane was to make Lord Kitchener Secretary of State," and "that the moment he was at the War Office the despatch of the Expeditionary Force was taken in hand." I must give a categorical denial to all these assertions. The Expeditionary Force was, of course, Lord Haldane's creation. Not only did he personally urge the necessity of despatching it to France on the outbreak of war, but himself gave the order for its mobilization during the *interregnum* to which the "Daily Mail" article refers, and speeded up that act by every means in his power. I imagine that these undoubted facts are on record. I hope the "Daily Mail" will contradict its statement, in which there is not a scintilla of truth.

MANY friends of Mr. Frederic Harrison will feel for him in the death of his accomplished wife, the partner of a long experience of "culture" in a finer sense than we now associate with that abused word. Mrs. Harrison, with her husband, did much to make the intellectual alliance with Republican France that opened up the closer tie and represents perhaps the deepest mark of Positivism on English life. She was amiable and beautiful; she had the sense of social order to a high degree, and her life struck one as a singularly happy and self-contained expression of her tranquil creed.

A FRIEND sends me the following:—

"There's gas that's meant for killing,
There's gas that gives the blughes,
There's gas that's very filling,
There's gas that empties pughes.
Gas of cooing, gas of Billing,
And gas of little Ughes."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"READY FOR NEXT TIME."

WE all know it is the Admiralty's way. They tell the worst part first, and comfort us afterwards. They are like the famous Californian who shouted "Say, widdy!" at the woman's door when sent to break the news gently. We suppose that even that is better than lies and boasting. The German Admiralty makes its people cheer and hang out flags for joy over British ships destroyed, which we can see calmly anchored at their base. They limited their big-ship losses to one old battleship which all the world believed at the bottom of the Baltic months ago. They raised the shout of victory and telegraphed it round the world when their whole fleet turned and fled to port. Someone in authority tried that sort of thing on us once. Early in the war the sinking of a ship was concealed from us till the truth came back from the other hemisphere. But no one liked it, and we thanked God that it was not our Admiralty's usual way. Hope deferred is bad, but false hope is worse, and a fool's paradise is a habitation more ghastly than downright hell.

Yet our British way has the defects of its qualities as well as the qualities of its defects. Once, when Keir Hardie was the object of the lies and libels which assail honest and fearless men, he said to the present writer, "The only trouble is that the lie goes round the world while truth is putting on her boots." So it was in the sea-battle. The German lie flashed round all the world but England, while our Admiralty was dragging their sea-boots off and on, and a mighty long time they took about it. Till Lord Kitchener's death, no such blow had fallen upon the country throughout the war as the first official report of the Jutland battle. Nor did the belated second help things much. Both needed a deal of reading between the lines—a deal more than a landsman reads. Depression fell upon the country. It was deeper than after the exaggerated telegram on the destruction of our army at Mons, and, as at that time, it lasted over Sunday. From how many pulpits in town and village did not the congregations hear "the appalling disaster to our fleet"! How many hearts shrank or steeled themselves at the thought of barbaric hosts shattering Cambridge and Canterbury as Louvain and Ypres are shattered! Then someone in authority put up Colonel Churchill to cheer us, and very gently on Monday morning he broke the good news. Having had the opportunity, he wrote—an opportunity which we supposed the Admiralty had themselves—of examining the reports of the admirals and considering the information in possession of the Admiralty—information from which the authorities in London seemed unable to deduce anything without Colonel Churchill's expert assistance—he had come to the conclusion that the battle revealed no surprises or unforeseen features, and that the enemy's "definite inferiority was freed from any element of uncertainty." What a way of breaking good news! What a way of saying anything!

"Did you give it the Germans hot?" asked a landsman of a sailor returning from the battle. "Not 'arf," was the simple reply. If that reply had been issued instead of the Admiralty's "official" or Colonel Churchill's ponderous gloss, how much better for the nation! And, what is more important, how much truer! It was from the sailors themselves that we got the first inkling of the truth. Take the reports of only one or two among the correspondents who saw the ships return at points along the coast. "On Thursday night," one writes from Edin-

burgh, "when the 'Warspite' came in, the most optimistic statements were current, and each returning boat added to the sense of victory." On Thursday night! Say, twenty hours before the Admiralty issued its first depressing "official," without a word of victory! From "a port on the North-East Coast," another correspondent wrote on Sunday (perhaps about the time when Colonel Churchill was finishing his examination of the reports kindly laid before him by the Admiralty):—

"I am writing by the shores of a channel which leads to a most important naval base. During the last two days there have passed many of the ships that fought in the great fight, proudly bearing their scars, and men from those ships have come ashore almost as proudly and silently and have gone about their business and their pleasure. They have said little, but a great joy fills this town and an exultation of feeling caught from the men returning from battle with high spirits and victorious mien. It is not modified though a little chastened by the cautious, unboastful statement issued by the Admiralty. It turns to contempt the jubilation in Berlin."

On Monday, from another North Sea base, a correspondent wrote:—

"Many of the men are on short leave, and in their wanderings around the towns have managed to liven up the civilian population. They at least show not the slightest signs of depression, and their high spirits and cheery optimism have acted like an invigorating tonic on the district."

We further read that the wife of a very distinguished admiral received a letter from him, written immediately after he arrived in port, in which he said:—

"I expected the place decorated with flags and school children given a holiday for our glorious British victory; instead—only unjustified depression."

Yet another correspondent, after conversing with a petty officer who had stood on the "Warrior's" deck throughout her action, and was taken off when she was abandoned, reports him as saying:—

"Let people know I am entirely optimistic. Everyone did well. We went into action prepared for heavier losses than we suffered. It was our part to hang on to the enemy, and we did."

Finally, there is the letter read out on Tuesday by Admiral Meux (better known in the Services still as "Lambton of Ladysmith")—a letter from Sir David Beatty himself (of whom the last-quoted petty officer said, "And as for David—why, we'd go to hell with David!"):—

"We drew the enemy into the jaws of our fleet. I have no regrets, except for the gallant comrades, all pals, that have gone, who died gloriously. It would have warmed your heart to see the gallant Hood bring his squadron into action. . . . We are ready for the next time. Please God, it will come soon."

We feel that to be the right and natural spirit for our admirals and seamen all. We like the exact truth, and we hate the brag and "boost." But chilling indifference, unjustified depression, and the most philosophic doubts are hard to bear in war-time. How much finer is that seaman spirit—the spirit that is assured of victory, and assures victory in itself! The difference goes very deep into the seafaring soul. Has anyone ever met a depressed sailor? Perhaps one or two have been met, long ashore, sickening of clubs or pubs; one or two still hankering after the sailing ships of youth; but hardly an active seaman of to-day. Writers used to bore us stiff by calling a certain old admiral "breezy," but the weary word was once alive. Hard life in the breeze and rain and sunshine has a way of curing depression, whether unjustified or not. It can confidently be recommended in cases of melancholia as a substitute for Karlsbad and Homburg, now closed to our plutocratic invalids. A month in the stoke-hole would cheer them up far more than "waters" and sweating baths. Bodily

exercise, some old philosopher said, makes us forget even sin. The least robust of consciences might gather muscles on the maintop, and to live continuously in mortal danger banishes fear within a week. The effect upon philosophic doubt might be equally remarkable. "I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher," said Mr. Edwards, who lives by one sentence; "but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." That is the very spirit of seamen. They seldom try to be philosophers, but, under all emergencies, cheerfulness is always breaking in.

Besides, there is obedience, and though obedience is the meanest of the virtues, it is a very pleasant virtue to exercise when confidence guides it. That petty officer from the "Warrior" already quoted said the discipline on board was exactly perfect from the moment the action began—"not slavish, old-fashioned discipline, but intelligent." Anyone who has lived under conditions of intelligent discipline knows how pleasant and cheery that life can be; what relief from all the anguish of uncertainty and hesitation, what personal delight in a service almost religious—a service which, as the Prayer-book says, is perfect freedom. In such service a command is anticipated, understood, and obeyed almost before it is given. Nelson's sailors were a queer, half-starved, drunken, and blackguardly lot, and in his days, though not on his ship, the discipline was violently slavish rather than decently intelligent. Yet when he hoisted his famous signal at Trafalgar, the sailors, speaking of their country, growled, "Does the old bitch think we ain't a-goin' to do our dooty!"

And then, what cheerfulness it gives to have conquered fear—the fear of death, that last enemy to be subdued! The habitual pessimism of certain editors and other writers, the bloodthirsty "patriotism" of many old men and comfortable women—most of it plagues them and us because they have never enjoyed the sailor's opportunity of conquering fear. They are still afraid of terrible changes—poverty, ruin, pain, and death. Everybody likes to avoid such things if possible, but perpetual danger has a splendid effect upon the fear of them. "Done in," "ticket up," "billet out" is all that our soldiers say or think of death. And, slipping easy, splashing up the sea, with England astern and Cape St. Vincent coming into sight, the sailor of a salt-water ballad said to his mate:—

"They're 'discharged' now, Billy, 'left the service.'
Rough an' bitter was the watch they stood,
Drake an' Blake, an' Collingwood an' Jervis,
Nelson, Rodney, Hawke, an' Howe, an' Hood.
They'd a hard time, haulin' an' directin'.
There's the flag they left us, Billy—tread
Straight an' keep it flyin'—recollectin'
Yonder's Cape St. Vincent and the Dead."

SUMMER THOUGHTS ON WAR.

POVERTY makes strange bedfellows, and in our present state of ethical bankruptcy we must take what comfort we can from a contemplation of the ways of lower creatures. Malthus would have been, probably was, very much strengthened in his claim for the necessity of periodic calamity by a contemplation of the fecundity of the aphides. The common green fly that settles unnoticed on our rose tree will soon become the single parent of some seventy young. Each of these will produce seventy others, and so on for ten or eleven generations in the course of one summer. A simple but painful calculation will show that the progeny of a single green fly would amount in one season to millions of millions of millions of millions. It is a mercy to the species as well as to the vegetation of the earth that countless

slaughter is inflicted on this "blight" by many chosen agents.

We need not enumerate the enemies of the aphid. The best known, and by its numbers perhaps the most important, is the lady-bird, whose young devour their victims in rapid succession all day long. An extraordinary plenty of aphides stimulates the production of lady-birds, and in a very great year the conquerors grow to such numbers that, having the fancy to drown themselves in the sea, their bodies are piled at high-water mark in a band inches deep for miles along the shore. Nor can we unreservedly call the beetle the victor. It ends by itself pushing against the limits of subsistence and perishing by over-mobilization, while the aphid still survives in sufficient numbers to become thoroughly vigorous next year. Next year and every year the war goes on, if war it is when one of the contestants overbears the other by offering an unlimited number of naked bodies to its weaponed force.

Man is so superior to the animals, because he wages war for high motives. No spirit of public duty sways the hawk or weasel when it takes a pigeon or a rat. The wasp does not hunt the caterpillar because she hates to see the green leaves spoilt, or the noble oaks gnawed to the quick. It is just greed that urges them. Yet, are there not many kinds of greed? The overwhelming bulk of summer executions that are millionfold on every hand are done in the interests of progeny. To gobble and gobble for the fatness of one's own body would be greed indeed, but when one robs for the sustenance of a family, we forget the robbery, and label the result *Caritas*. In a language of compound words we might have preserved this affinity of good to bad. In German they have "Neugier," greed for new things, that is, curiosity. So there may be greed for honor, greed for justice, rage for peace. Inasmuch then as the wasp slays for its family, if not for its tribe, the great wasp town of which it is a citizen, we cannot put its kind of greed very far below our own honorable motives when we go to war.

Fights to the death, in which both sides are armed and more or less equal, are rare in Nature. There are the amatory contests between stags, and most male birds fight in defence of their young, of bulls against wolves, elephants against tigers, and so on. They belong not to the business of life, but to its luxuries, or are uncommon accidents. Prey and parasitism are matters of certainty. Fabre told us how the tarantula fights or tries to fight the wasp that comes to slay it and carry it off to her nest, but the wasp always wins. It has to take pains, it must know the reply to every move, but it always wins. In such a case, the idea of right or wrong can scarcely arise on behalf of either despot or victim. It is the clear and certain destiny of the one to be eaten by the other if it shall come across the path of the other when the other is hungry. There is a *Kultur* on the one side that cannot be gainsaid by anything that there is on the other side. Happy caterpillar to be eaten by the noble wasp! Good caterpillar to get so fat for such a good end! The tiger has doubts, little to be distinguished from ethical ones, when she tries to steal the elephant-calf in its mother's absence, because there is some chance that she may fail, and even pay with her life. The jay that robs the storm-thrush's nest is a thief that dare not meet the proprietor. But the stoat is the lord of the rabbits, the larks belong to the hawk, the eagle has undoubted rights over the hares.

Sovereignty has its duties as well as its rights. We are not at all sure what is the point that will make the worm turn, or whether it has ever been reached. The golden beetle of Southern France, not unlike our own sun beetle, evidently goes to great lengths, unchecked,

so far as action by its victims is concerned. Meeting a procession of caterpillars, it slays and slays, in order to feast on a bit of the viscera of each, the processionists submitting like so many sheep. That worm apparently does not turn. Another caterpillar, slightly stronger, such as that of the Emperor Moth, can give a shrug that throws the assailant some distance away. He returns once or twice to the assault, and then desists. But usually the victim leaves the question of punishment to Providence. Wanton waste to-day is followed by starvation to-morrow, the beetles are reduced to eating themselves, as they do on slight provocation, and the caterpillars win the battle by the very exuberance of their own slaughter.

There will never be a war between mice and frogs in the sense of violence used on both sides. Very rarely is there organized violence even on the side of the destroyer, such as the hunting of a pack of wolves or the family of lions or stoats. The first two can evoke a collective defence, in a tribal ring of horns to protect the calves in the centre. When the meek rabbit turns on his tyrant, or rather her tyrant, as very rarely a doe has done in defence of her young, it is a marvel to be put in books and made much of. The normal procedure is to crawl squealing, with limbs paralyzed by fright, and submit to the inevitable. You may run from the enemy, fly towards it, as birds to the fascinating snake, stand perfectly still, and perhaps escape by protective coloration, climb a tree, entrench, roll up and present protective prickles, emit a nasty smell, or threaten to disagree gastronomically, but it is generally forbidden in the war of Nature "red in tooth and claw" to make the prowler's dinner doubtful by taking up arms against him. The exceptions are usually when the expected prey is the young of an energetic mother who happens to be at home.

Yet a close parallel to the wars of man can be found. It must be looked for among creatures having social habits and collective activities similar to those of man, that is to say, among the so-called social insects. Ants fight one another for territory, for plunder, and for slaves. This is a great departure, whether upward or downward, from the mere using of one species by another as food. The cannibal fights in order to satisfy his present hunger, the hunter kills a goose and makes one meal of it. Afterwards, we invent the method of keeping the goose alive to lay eggs for us, of making the captured enemy work for us on our land or on the land that was formerly his. It is as far as some human states have gone, and the ants seem to be level with it. Surely the slave-making ant is the wisest of all animals except man.

The question is not quite closed. There are slave-making ants of many degrees. Some keep slaves as aids to their own industry, some let the captives do the dirty work, while the masters go to war for still further riches, but at last we come to an old-established aristocracy so dependent on their slaves that if they lose them, they die of hunger because they cannot feed themselves. Huber placed thirty of them in a box with larvæ, pupæ, and a supply of honey. More than half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. In pity, he gave them just one of their black domestics.

"This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons."

Fight for honor, ye insects, fight when ye must, defend your homes, punish the insolent aggressor, but know that in the long run it is folly and death to fight for profit, for slaves, for vassals, for "indemnities!" The easier and the more complete your victory, the greater the price that will be exacted for it.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 285.)

BOOK I.

Matching's Easy at Ease.

§ 10.

MR. DIRECK found he had taken leave of the rest of the company, and drifted into a little parlor with Mr. Britling and certain glasses and syphons and a whisky decanter on a tray.

"It is a very curious thing," said Mr. Direck, "that in England I find myself more disposed to take stimulants, and that I no longer have the need for iced water that one feels at home. I ascribe it to a greater humidity in the air. One is less dried and one is less braced. One is no longer pursued by a thirst, but one needs something to buck one up a little. Thank you. That is enough."

Mr. Direck took his glass of whisky and soda from Mr. Britling's hand.

Mr. Britling seated himself in an armchair by the fireplace, and threw one leg carelessly over the arm. In his black velvet cloak and cap, and his black silk tights, he was very like a minor character, a court chamberlain, for example, in some cloak and rapier drama. "I find this week-end dancing and kicking about wonderfully wholesome," he said. "That and our Sunday hockey. One starts the new week clear and bright about the mind. Friday is always my worst working day."

Mr. Direck leant against the table, wrapped in his golden pheasants, and appreciated the point.

"Your young people dance very cheerfully," he said.

"We all dance very cheerfully," said Mr. Britling.

"Then this Miss Corner," said Mr. Direck, "she is the sister, I presume, is she? of that pleasant young lady who is married—she is married, isn't she?—to the young man you call Teddy."

"I should have explained these young people. They're the sort of young people we are producing over here now in quite enormous quantity. They are the sort of equivalent of the Russian *Intelligentsia*, an irresponsible middle class with ideas. Teddy, you know, is my secretary. He's the son, I believe, of a Kilburn solicitor. He was recommended to me by Datcher of 'The Times.' He came down here and lived in lodgings for a time. Then suddenly appeared the young lady."

"Miss Corner's sister?"

"Exactly. The village was a little startled. The cottager who had let the rooms came to me privately. Teddy is rather touchy on the point of his personal independence, he considers any demand for explanations as an insult, and probably all he had said to the old lady was, 'This is Letty—come to share my rooms.' I put the matter to him very gently. 'Oh, yes,' he said, rather in the manner of someone who has overlooked a trifle. 'I got married to her in the Christmas holidays. May I bring her along to see Mrs. Britling?' We induced him to go into a little cottage I rent. The wife was the daughter of a Colchester journalist and printer. I don't know if you talked to her."

"I've talked to the sister rather."

"Well, they're both idea'd. They're highly educated in the sense that they do really think for themselves. Almost fiercely. So does Teddy. If he thinks he hasn't thought anything he thinks for himself, he goes off and thinks it different. The sister is a teacher who wants to take the B.A. degree in London University. Meanwhile, she pays the penalty of her sex."

"Meaning—?" asked Mr. Direck startled.

"Oh! that she puts in a great deal too much of her time upon housework and minding her sister's baby."

"She's a very interesting and charming young lady indeed," said Mr. Direck. "With a sort of Western college freedom of mind—and something about her that isn't American at all."

Mr. Britling was following the train of his own thoughts.

"My household has some amusing contrasts," he said. "I don't know if you have talked to that German?"

"He's always asking questions. And you tell him any old thing and he goes and writes it down in his room upstairs, and afterwards asks you another like it in order to perplex himself by the variety of your answers. He regards the whole world with a methodical distrust. He wants to document it and pin it down. He suspects it only too justly of disorderly impulses and a capacity for self-contradiction. He is the most extraordinary contrast to Teddy, whose confidence in the universe amounts almost to effrontery. Teddy carries our national laxness to a foolhardy extent. He is capable of leaving his watch in the middle of Claverings Park and expecting to find it a month later—being carefully taken care of by a squirrel, I suppose—when he happens to want it. He's rather like a squirrel himself—without the habit of hoarding. He is incapable of asking a question about anything; he would be quite sure it was all right anyhow. He would feel that asking questions betrayed a want of confidence—was a sort of incivility. But my German, if you notice—his normal expression is one of grave solicitude. He is like a conscientious ticket-collector among his impressions. And did you notice how beautifully my pianola rolls are all numbered and catalogued? He did that. He set to work and did it as soon as he got here, just as a good cat when you bring it into a house sets to work and catches mice. Previously the pianola music was chaos. You took what God sent you."

"And he looks like a German," said Mr. Britling.

"He certainly does that," said Mr. Direck.

"He has the fair type of complexion, the rather full habit of body, the temperamental disposition, but in addition that close-cropped head, it is almost as if it were shaved, the plumpness, the glasses—those are things that are made. And the way he carries himself. And the way he thinks. His meticulousness. When he arrived he was delightful, he was wearing a student's corps cap and a rucksack, he carried a violin; he seemed to have come out of a book. No one would ever dare to invent so German a German for a book. Now, a young Frenchman or a young Italian or a young Russian coming here might look like a foreigner, but he wouldn't have the distinctive national stamp a German has. He wouldn't be plainly French or Italian or Russian. Other peoples are not made; they are neither made nor created, but proceeding—out of a thousand indefinable causes. The Germans are a triumph of directive will. I had to remark the other day that when my boys talked German they shouted. 'But when one talks German one must shout,' said Herr Heinrich. 'It is taught so in the schools.' And it is. They teach them to shout and to throw out their chests. Just as they teach them to read notice-boards and not think about politics. Their very ribs are not their own. My Herr Heinrich is comparatively a liberal thinker. He asked me the other day, 'But why should I give myself up to philology? But then,' he reflected, 'it is what I have to do.'"

Mr. Britling seemed to have finished, and then, just as Mr. Direck was planning a way of getting the talk back by way of Teddy to Miss Corner, he snuggled more deeply into his chair, reflected, and broke out again.

"This contrast between Heinrich's carefulness and Teddy's easy-goingness, come to look at it, is, I suppose, one of the most fundamental in the world. It reaches to everything. It mixes up with education, statecraft, morals. Will you make or will you take? Those are the two extreme courses in all such things. I suppose the answer of wisdom to that is, like all wise answers, a compromise. I suppose one must accept and then make all one can of it. . . . Have you talked at all to my eldest son?"

"He's a very interesting young man indeed," said

Mr. Direck. "I should venture to say there's a very great deal in him. I was most impressed by the few words I had with him."

"There, for example, is one of my perplexities," said Mr. Britling.

Mr. Direck waited for some further light on this sudden transition.

"Ah! your troubles in life haven't begun yet. Wait till you're a father. That cuts to the bone. You have the most delicate thing in the world in hand, a young kindred mind. You feel responsible for it, you know you are responsible for it; and you lose touch with it. You can't get at it. Nowadays we've lost the old tradition of fatherhood by divine right—and we haven't got a new one. I've tried not to be a cramping ruler, a director, a domestic tyrant to that lad—and in effect it's meant his going his own way. . . . I don't dominate. I hoped to advise. But you see he loves my respect and good opinion too much. When things go well, I know of them. When the world goes dark for him, then he keeps his trouble from me. Just when I would so eagerly go into it with him. . . . There's something the matter now, something—it may be grave. I feel he wants to tell me. And there it is!—it seems I am the last person to whom he can humiliate himself by a confession of blundering, or weakness. . . . Something I should just laugh at, and say 'That's in the blood of all of us, dear Spit of myself. Let's see what's to be done.' . . ."

He paused and then went on, finding in the unfamiliarity and transitoriness of his visitor a freedom he might have failed to find in a close friend.

"I am frightened at times at all I don't know about in that boy's mind. I know nothing of his religiousities. He's my son, and he must have religiousities. I know nothing of his ideas or of his knowledge about sex and all that side of life. I do not know of the things he finds beautiful. I can guess at times; that's all; when he betrays himself. . . . You see, you don't know really what love is until you have children. One doesn't love women. Indeed you don't; 'One gives and gets; it's a trade. One may have tremendous excitements and expectations and overwhelming desires. That's all very well in its way. But the love of children is an exquisite tenderness: it rends the heart. It's a thing of God. And I lie awake at nights and stretch out my hands in the darkness to this lad—who will never know—until his sons come in their time. . . ."

He made one of his quick turns again.

"And that's where our English way makes for distresses. Mr. Prussian respects and fears his father; respects authorities, attends, obeys, and—*his father has a hold upon him*. But I said to myself at the outset, 'No, whatever happens, I will not usurp the place of God. I will not be the Priest-Patriarch of my children. They shall grow and I will grow beside them, helping but not cramping or overshadowing.' They grow more. But they blunder more. Life ceases to be a discipline, and becomes an experiment. . . ."

"That's very true," said Mr. Direck, to whom it seemed the time was ripe to say something. "This is the problem of America, perhaps even more than of England. Though I have not had the parental experience you have undergone. . . . I can see very clearly that a son is a very serious proposition."

"The old system of life was organization. That is where Germany is still the most ancient of European states. It's a reversion to a tribal cult. It's atavistic. . . . To organize, or discipline, or mould characters or press authority, is to assume that you have reached finality in your general philosophy. It implies an assured end. Heinrich has his assured end, his philological professorship or thereabouts as a part of the Germanic machine. And that, too, has its assured end in German national assertion. Here we have none of those convictions. We know we haven't finality, and so we are open and apologetic and receptive, rather than wilful. . . . You see, all organization, with its implication of finality, is death. We feel that. The Germans don't. What you organize you kill. Organized morals or organized religion or organized thought are

dead morals and dead religion, and dead thought. Yet some organization you must have. Organization is like killing cattle. If you do not kill some, the herd is just waste. But you mustn't kill all or you kill the herd. The unkillable cattle are the herd, the continuation; the unorganized side of life is the real life. The reality of life is adventure, not performance. What isn't adventure isn't life. What can be ruled about can be machined. But priests and schoolmasters and bureaucrats get hold of life and try to make it *all* rules, *all* etiquette and regulation and correctitude. . . . And parents and the love of parents make for the same thing. It is all very well to experiment for oneself, but when one sees these dear things of one's own, so young and inexperienced, and so capable of every sort of gallant foolishness, walking along the narrow plank, going down into dark jungles, ah! then it makes one want to wrap them in laws and foresight and fence them about with 'Verboten' boards in all the conceivable aspects. . . ."

"In America, of course, we do set a certain store upon youthful self-reliance," said Mr. Direck.

"As we do here. It's in your blood and our blood. It's the instinct of the English and the Irish anyhow to suspect government, and take the risks of the chancy way. . . . And manifestly the Russians, if you read their novelists, have the same twist in them. . . . When we get this young Prussian here, he's a marvel to us. He really believes in Law. He *likes* to obey. That seems a sort of joke to us. It's curious how foreign these Germans are—to all the rest of the world. Because of their docility. Scratch the Russian and you get the Tartar. Educate the Russian or the American or the Englishman or the Irishman or Frenchman, or any real northern European except the German, and you get the Anarchist, that is to say the man who dreams of order without organization—of something beyond organization. . . ."

"It's one o'clock," said Mr. Britling, abruptly, perceiving a shade of fatigue upon the face of his hearer, and realizing that his thoughts had taken him too far, "and Sunday. Let's go to bed."

§ 11.

For a time Mr. Direck could not sleep. His mind had been too excited by this incessant day, with all its novelties and all its provocations to comparison. The whole complicated spectacle grouped itself, with a naturalness and a complete want of logic that all who have been young will understand, about Cecily Corner.

She had to be in the picture, and so she came in as though she were the central figure, as though she were the quintessential England. There she was, the type, the blood, the likeness, of no end of Massachusetts families, the very same stuff indeed, and yet she was different. . . .

For a time his thoughts hovered ineffectively about certain details of her ear and cheek, and one may doubt if his interest in these things was entirely international. . . .

Then he found himself under way with an exposition of certain points to Mr. Britling. In the security of his bed he could imagine that he was talking very slowly and carefully while Mr. Britling listened; already he was more than half-way to dreamland, or he could not have supposed anything so incredible.

"There's a curious sort of difference," he was saying. "It is difficult to define, but on the whole I might express it by saying that such a gathering as this if it was in America would be drawn in harder lines, would show its bones more, and have everything more emphatic. And, just to take one illustrative point: in America in such a gathering as this there would be bound to be several jokes going on as it were, running jokes and running criticisms, from day to day and from week to week. . . . There would be jokes about your writing and your influence, and jokes about Miss Corner's advanced reading. . . . You see, in America we pay much more attention to personal character. Here people, I notice, are not talked to about their personal

characters at all, and many of them do not seem to be aware and do not seem to mind what personal characters they have.

"And another thing I find noteworthy is the way in which what I might call mature people seem to go on having a good time instead of standing by and applauding the young people having a good time. . . . And the young people do not seem to have set out to have a good time at all. . . . Now in America, a charming girl like Miss Corner would be distinctly more aware of herself and her vitality than she is here—distinctly more. Her peculiarly charming sidelong look, if I might make so free with her—would have been called attention to. It's a perfectly beautiful look, the sort of look some great artist would have loved to make immortal. It's a look I shall find it hard to forget. . . . But she doesn't seem to be aware in the least of it. In America she would be aware of it. She would be distinctly aware of it. She would have been made aware of it. She would have been advised of it. It would be looked for, and she would know it was looked for. She would give it as a singer gives her most popular song. Mamie Nelson, for example, used to give a peculiar little throw back of the chin and a laugh. . . . It was talked about. People came to see it. . . .

"Of course, Mamie Nelson was a very brilliant girl indeed. I suppose in England you would say we spoilt her. I suppose we did spoilt her. . . ."

It came into Mr. Direck's head that for a whole day he had scarcely given a thought to Mamie Nelson. And now he was thinking of her—calmly. Why shouldn't one think of Mamie Nelson calmly?

She was a proud, imperious thing. There was something Southern in her. Very dark blue eyes she had, much darker than Miss Corner's. . . .

But how tortuous she had been behind that outward pride of hers! For four years she had let him think he was the only man who really mattered in the world, and all the time quite clearly and definitely she had deceived him. She had made a fool of him and she had made a fool of the others perhaps—just to have her retinue and play the queen in her world. And at last humiliation, bitter humiliation, and Mamie, with her chin in the air and her bright, triumphant smile looking down on him.

"Haden't he," she asked, "had the privilege of loving her?"

She took herself at the value they had set upon her. Well—somehow—that wasn't right. . . .

All the way across the Atlantic Mr. Direck had been trying to forget her downward glance with the chin up, during that last encounter—and other aspects of the same humiliation. The years he had spent upon her! The time! Always relying upon her assurance of a special preference for him. He tried to think he was suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, and to conceal from himself just how bitterly his pride and vanity had been rent by her ultimate rejection. There had been a time when she had given him reason to laugh in his sleeve at Booth Wilmington.

Perhaps Booth Wilmington had also had reason for laughing in his sleeve. . . .

Had she even loved Booth Wilmington? Or had she just snatched at him? . . .

Wasn't he, Direck, as good a man as Booth Wilmington, anyhow? . . .

For some moments the old sting of jealousy rankled again. He recalled the flaring rivalry that had ended in his defeat, the competition of gifts and treats. . . . A thing so open that all Carrierville knew of it, discussed it, took sides. . . . And over it all Mamie with her flashing smile had sailed like a processional goddess. . . .

Why, they had made jokes about him in the newspapers!

One couldn't imagine such a contest in Matching's Easy. Yet surely even in Matching's Easy there are lovers.

Is it something in the air, something in the climate, that makes things harder and clearer in America? . . .

Cissie, why shouldn't one call her Cissie in one's

private thoughts, anyhow—would never be as hard and clear as Mamie. She had English eyes—merciful eyes.

That was the word—*merciful*!

The English light, the English air, are merciful. . . .

Merciful. . . .

They tolerate old things and slow things and imperfect apprehensions. They aren't always getting at you. . . .

They don't laugh at you. . . . At least—they laugh differently. . . .

Was England the tolerant country? With its kind eyes and its wary sidelong look. Toleration. In which everything mellowed and nothing was destroyed. A soft country. A country with a passion for imperfection. A padded country. . . .

England—all stuffed with soft feathers. . . . under one's ear. A pillow—with soft, kind Corners. . . . Beautiful rounded Corners. . . . Dear, dear Corners. Cissie Corners. Corners. Could there be a better family?

Massachusetts—but in heaven. . . .

Harp playing two-steps, and kind angels wrapped in moonlight.

"Very softly, I and you,

One tum, two tum, three tum, too.

Off we go!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF MR. DIRECK REACHES A CLIMAX.

§ 1.

BREAKFAST was in the open air, and a sunny, easy-going feast. Then the small boys laid hands on Mr. Direck, and showed him the pond and the boats, while Mr. Britling strolled about the lawn with Hugh, talking rather intently. And when Mr. Direck returned from the boats in a state of greatly enhanced popularity, he found Mr. Britling conversing over his garden railings with what was altogether a new type of Britisher in Mr. Direck's experience. It was a tall, lean, sun-bitten youngish man of forty perhaps, in brown tweeds, looking more like the Englishman of the American illustrations than anything Mr. Direck had met hitherto. Indeed, he came very near to a complete realization of that ideal, except that there was a sort of intensity about him, and that his clipped moustache had the restrained stiffness of a wiry-haired terrier. This gentleman, Mr. Direck learnt, was Colonel Rendezvous. He spoke in clear, short sentences, they had an effect of being punched out, and he was refusing to come into the garden and talk.

"Have to do my fourteen miles before lunch," he said. "You haven't seen Manning about, have you?"

"He isn't here," said Mr. Britling, and it seemed to Mr. Direck that there was the faintest ambiguity in this reply.

"Have to go alone, then," said Colonel Rendezvous. "They told me that he had started to come here."

"I shall motor over to Bramley High Oak for your Boy Scout festival," said Mr. Britling.

"Going to have three thousand of 'em," said the Colonel. "Good show."

His steely eyes seemed to search the cover of Mr. Britling's garden for the missing Manning, and then he decided to give him up. "I must be going," he said. "So long. Come up!"

A well-disciplined dog came to heel, and the lean figure had given Mr. Direck a semi-military salutation and gone upon its way. It marched with a long, elastic stride; it never looked back.

"Manning," said Mr. Britling, "is probably hiding up in my rose garden."

"Curiously enough, I guessed from your manner that that might be the case," said Mr. Direck.

"Yes. Manning is a London journalist. He has a

little cottage about a mile over there"—Mr. Britling pointed vaguely—"and he comes down for the week-ends. And Rendezvous has found out he isn't fit. And everybody ought to be fit. That is the beginning and end of life for Rendezvous. Fitness. An almost mineral quality, an insatiable activity of body, great mental simplicity. So he takes possession of poor old Manning and trots him for that fourteen miles—at four miles an hour. Manning goes through all the agonies of death and damnation, he half dissolves, he pants and drags for the first eight or ten miles, and then I must admit he rather justifies Rendezvous's theory. He is to be found in the afternoon in a hammock suffering from blistered feet, but otherwise unusually well. But if he can escape it, he does. He hides."

"But if he doesn't want to go with Colonel Rendezvous, why does he?" said Mr. Direck.

"Well, Rendezvous is accustomed to the command of men. And Manning's only way of refusing things is on printed forms. Which he doesn't bring down to Matching's Easy. Ah! behold!"

Far away across the lawn between two blue cedars there appeared a leisurely form in grey flannels and a loose tie, advancing with manifest circumspection.

"He's gone!" cried Britling.

The leisurely form, obviously amiable, obviously a little out of condition, became more confident, drew nearer.

"I'm sorry to have missed him," he said cheerfully. "I thought he might come this way. It's going to be a very warm day indeed. Let us sit about somewhere and talk."

"Of course," he said, turning to Direck, "Rendezvous is the life and soul of the country."

They strolled towards a place of seats and hammocks between the big trees and the rose garden, and the talk turned for a time upon Rendezvous. "They have the tidiest garden in Essex," said Manning. "It's not Mrs. Rendezvous's fault that it is so. Mrs. Rendezvous, as a matter of fact, has a taste for the picturesque. She just puts the things about in groups in the beds. She wants them, she says, to grow anyhow. She desires a romantic disorder. But she never gets it. When he walks down the path all the plants dress instinctively. . . . And there's a tree near their gate; it used to be a willow. You can ask any old man in the village. But ever since Rendezvous took the place it's been trying to present arms. With the most extraordinary results. I was passing the other day with old Windershin. 'You see that there old poplar,' he said. 'It's a willow,' said I. 'No,' he said, 'it did used to be a willow before Colonel Rendezvous he came. But now it's a poplar.' . . . And, by Jove, it is a poplar!"

The conversation thus opened by Manning centred for a time upon Colonel Rendezvous. He was presented as a monster of energy and self-discipline; as the determined foe of every form of looseness, slackness, and easy-goingness.

"He's done wonderful work for the local Boy Scout movement," said Manning.

"It's Kitchenerism," said Britling.

"It's the army side of the efficiency stunt," said Manning.

There followed a digression upon the Boy Scout movement, and Mr. Direck made comparisons with the propaganda of Seton Thompson in America. "Teddy Rooseveltism," said Manning. "It's a sort of reaction against everything being too easy and too safe."

"It's got its anti-decadent side," said Mr. Direck.

"If there is such a thing as decadence," said Mr. Britling.

"If there wasn't such a thing as decadence," said Manning, "we journalists would have had to invent it."

"There is something tragical in all this—what shall I call it?—Kitchenerism," Mr. Britling reflected. "Here you have it rushing about and keeping itself—screwed up, and trying desperately to keep the country screwed up. And all because there may be a war someday somehow with Germany. Provided Germany is insane. It's that war, like some sort of bee in Rendez-

vous's brains, that is driving him along the road now to Market Saffron—he always keeps to the roads because they are severer—through all the dust and sunshine. When he might be here gossiping. . . ."

"And, you know, I don't see that war coming," said Mr. Britling. "I believe Rendezvous sweats in vain. I can't believe in that war. It has held off for forty years. It may hold off for ever."

He nodded his head towards the German tutor, who had come into view across the lawn, talking profoundly with Mr. Britling's eldest son.

"Look at that pleasant person. There he is—*Echt Deutsch*—if anything ever was. Look at my son there! Do you see the two of them engaged in mortal combat? The thing's too ridiculous. The world grows sane. They may fight in the Balkans still; in many ways the Balkan States are in the very rear of civilization; but to imagine decent countries like this or Germany going back to bloodshed! No. . . . When I see Rendezvous keeping it up and keeping it up, I begin to see just how poor Germany must be keeping it up. I begin to realize how sick Germany must be getting of the high road and the dust and heat and the everlasting drill and restraint. . . . My heart goes out to the South Germans. Old Manning here always reminds me of Austria. Think of Germany coming like Rendezvous on a Sunday morning, and looking stiffly over Austria's fence. 'Come for a good hard walk, man. Keep Fit.' . . ."

"But suppose this Balkan trouble becomes acute," said Manning.

"It hasn't; it won't. Even if it did we should keep out of it."

"But suppose Russia grappled Austria, and Germany flung herself suddenly upon France—perhaps taking Belgium on the way."

"Oh!—we should fight. Of course, we should fight. Could anyone but a congenital idiot suppose we shouldn't fight? They knew we should fight. They aren't altogether idiots in Germany. But the thing's absurd. Why should Germany attack France? It's as if Manning here took a hatchet suddenly and assailed Edith. . . . It's just the dream of their military journalists. It's such schoolboy nonsense. Isn't that a beautiful pillar rose? Edith only put it in last year. . . . I hate all this talk of wars and rumors of wars. . . . It's worried all my life. And it gets worse, and it gets emptier every year. . . ."

§ 2

Now just at that moment there was a loud report. . . .

But neither Mr. Britling nor Mr. Manning nor Mr. Direck was interrupted or incommoded in the slightest degree by that report. Because it was too far off over the curve of this round world to be either heard or seen at Matching's Easy. Nevertheless, it was a very loud report. It occurred at an open space by a river that ran through a cramped Oriental city, a city spiked with white minarets and girt about by bare hills under a blazing afternoon sky. It came from a black parcel that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, with great presence of mind, had just flung out from the open hood of his automobile, where, tossed from the side of the quay, it had descended a few seconds before. It exploded as it touched the cobbled road just under the front of the second vehicle in the procession, and it blew to pieces the front of the automobile and injured the aide-de-camp who was in it and several of the spectators. Its thrower was immediately gripped by the bystanders. The procession stopped. There was a tremendous commotion amongst that brightly-costumed crowd, a hot excitement in vivid contrast to the Sabbath calm of Matching's Easy. . . .

Mr. Britling, to whom the explosion was altogether inaudible, continued his dissertation upon the common-sense of the world and the practical security of our Western peace.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

LORD KITCHENER'S CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Lord Kitchener's private conference last Friday with members of the House of Commons in Committee Room 14, was a novel experiment. But it is, I understand, generally considered to have been a success, and to have contrasted favorably with the "Secret Session" of the House, which, in my opinion, was not a success, and is not likely to be repeated. "Strangers" were excluded from what is ordinarily the public entrance to the Committee Room; but any member of the House who wished to attend was at liberty to do so. The number of those who attended was large—about 200, it has been estimated.

Mr. Whitley made an admirable chairman. He was not clothed with any formal authority, but the authority was there, and was exercised by tactful and accurate interpretation of the feelings and wishes of the assembly. Lord Kitchener soon established easy and friendly relations with his audience, and agreeably surprised those with whom he had a reputation for taciturnity and unreadiness of speech. There was no official or military *hauteur*. His written statement was read, but was read well, and his MS. did not encumber him more than it encumbers a practised minister when standing at the table of the House of Commons. He answered questions frankly and simply, and was equally frank and simple in giving reasons for declining to answer questions which were inopportune.

His audience were glad to meet him, and to have an opportunity of questioning him directly, instead of through his courteous and hard-worked representative in the House of Commons. And they did not abuse their rights of questioning. The general feeling was against petty, frivolous, and unnecessary questions, against unduly pressing inconvenient questions, against speeches. In short, the proceedings were characterized by the orderly freedom to which Englishmen conversant with public business have been habituated by long tradition and by the experience of many generations.

The experiment, then, was a success. Is there not a possibility of its having fruitful results? English members of Parliament who have recently visited Paris have brought back with them an impression that French deputies are in closer touch with their Government, and have a better and more intelligent knowledge of what their Government is doing and proposing to do than members of Parliament at Westminster. Some of them attribute this closer touch, this better and more useful knowledge, to the existence in France of such Parliamentary Committees as the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and would desire to establish similar committees over here. May not a more excellent way be found by developing the precedent set by the conference in Committee Room 14? . . . For instance, might not the Foreign Secretary occasionally hold a similar conference, a private and informal talk, with members interested in foreign policy, or in some branch of foreign policy? There need be no formal appointment of any committee, no invidious selection of particular members or groups as recipients of confidence. The best reforms in Parliamentary procedure are often, perhaps usually, those which spring up and grow up spontaneously and naturally, and the less they are hampered by formal rules and orders, the better.—

Yours, &c.,

June 5th, 1916.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

THE CASE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is an increasing number of persons who desire to do something to remedy the grave position into which Conscientious Objectors have been forced as a result of the breakdown in the administration of the Conscience Clause in the Military Service Act. All deplore that there should be so many Conscientious Objectors suffering in the hands of the military owing to the chance decisions of differing Tribunals, the refusal of many to carry out the instructions of the Local Government Board, or the belated announcement of new Government schemes, such as the Pelham Committee. At present, there is no means of giving these genuine men any relief.

Few of these sympathizers, however, are agreed as to the nature of the service a Conscientious Objector ought to accept or refuse. Most people, if pressed, will of course admit that the only real judge of a man's conscience is the man himself; and yet almost all of them promptly apply their own standard to other men's consciences, and view with impatience those Conscientious Objectors whose standard does not coincide with their own.

Friends and critics may be roughly divided as follows:—

1. The Government, which only acknowledges the right of Conscientious Objectors to object to "killing" (i.e., combatant service), and desires to allot them to tasks through which they can assist to kill by proxy in the Non-Combatant Corps. The Pelham Committee has been set up only after great pressure.

2. Friendly persons who deplore the Government's presumption in setting up such a standard of conscience, admit the right of Conscientious Objectors to refuse to become part of the military machine, but contend that they ought to render services of mercy by restoring men for the fighting line through such machinery as the unofficial Friends' Ambulance Unit.

3. Sympathizers who in their turn deplore the presumption of other friends in setting up the standard of conscience referred to above, and yet believe Conscientious Objectors should undertake harmless civil occupations.

All three classes seem more or less agreed that the Conscientious Objector is only entitled to weigh up the character of the particular service offered to him.

It is those who insist on civil alternative service who offer the gravest difficulty, for the Government points to their standard to show that the Conscientious Objector who refuses such civil service is not so much a genuine crank as a dangerous political obstructionist akin to a Sinn Féiner.

The arguments of these friends must therefore be examined.

They contend that all Conscientious Objectors as citizens should remember their duty to the State of which they are members. They must be willing to abide by a democratic decision, provided they are exempt from services which are in themselves harmful (that is, judged by the standard of the critic, and not the Conscientious Objector). In other words, the Conscientious Objector is only permitted to resist democracy and its commands so long as these seem unfair to the exempt critic.

Conscientious Objectors are themselves grouped in very much the same way as the critics, but some are prepared at once to join issue with friends who argue that the character of any particular service is the only thing that matters. The Conscientious Objector protests, not against "killing" as such, but against war, which to him is wrong—not merely because through it men's lives are destroyed, but because it is a denial of the worth of the individual, because it is the method by which every movement towards social betterment has been retarded, and because it engenders in the life of every nation a spirit of domination, of bitterness, and of fear. This spirit in turn places in the ascendancy in every nation a system which involves the rejection of all that allows for progressive thought, and sets insuperable obstacles in the path of those who desire co-operation, not only within the nation, but amongst the nations. Such men cannot differentiate their individual protest from their opinions as citizens. They do not, therefore, need to be reminded of civic obligations, because they sincerely believe that they are rendering real service by resisting the establishment of a military system which, they contend, is harmful to the State of which they are devoted citizens. Indeed, these men could never face the consequences of their decision if they were merely prompted by a selfish desire to avoid for themselves any particular form of service they believed to be wrong. Their quiet determination to face suffering is prompted and intensified by a hope that they are rendering a wider service to their fellow men. Moreover, they are eager to offer service to the community. Supposing, for instance, a great plague like the Black Death overwhelmed the country, and the State called upon its citizens to place themselves at its disposal to remedy the evils of that plague. Conscientious Objectors would at once agree to undertake such service. But they argue that if the State adopts the method of war, which they believe to be wrong, and in its anxiety to make the fighting forces

more numerous and efficient, calls upon Conscientious Objectors to undertake agricultural labor, which will release other men for the Army, they must refuse because they cannot help a Government to continue warfare. The question asked by the Conscientious Objector in respect of each form of service imposed is this: Why is this work considered of national importance? Is it important to the general organization of the State for war? Is it offered as an alternative to killing because it will assist in a general mobilization of the national resources for prosecuting war? If the answer is in the affirmative, then many who believe war is wrong cannot accept these otherwise harmless services. A man who hates war desires to work for peace. Is, then, peace agitation a work of national importance? As a matter of fact, it is not held to be so, and that settles the matter.

Conscientious Objectors, just because they are inevitably involved in the war by being members of a community waging war, feel all the more anxious to avoid becoming more direct participants in war by consenting to their occupations being chosen for them by a Government desiring to wage war successfully.

If the critic allows men to object to "killing," he must be prepared to allow them to show that they object *in toto* to war. If such men object to warfare, they must obviously be permitted to object to militarism, the firm establishment of which will lead to war and war's evil consequences. Therefore, they refuse to become in any way a party to a Military Service Act which is the most complete expression of militarism, imposed to enable war to be carried on successfully. "No, no," says the critic, "that is politics, not conscience. Surely, you yearn to serve your fellow-men, and you should therefore rejoice at the opportunity of rendering service when the community in travail calls upon you." The Conscientious Objector at once replies that this Act is a Military Service Act, not a National Service Act. The Act does not call upon men and women between sixteen and sixty to render service, nor was the Act imposed in time of peace. It calls, in time of war, upon men of military age, and imposes its various services as alternatives to fighting. Nor does it call upon men of military age who are medically unfit for fighting; it exempts them entirely. Surely, therefore, the Conscientious Objector is justified in emphasizing that the whole purpose, limited nature, and scope of the Act are designed, not to engender the spirit of service in the community, but to organize militarism, which produces and maintains warfare.

If, then, we are to have standards of conscience—a circumstance which I deplore—and our friends cannot accept this particular standard, they should at least try to understand that those who take this view are as entitled to exemption from democratic decisions as the critic allows in the case of "killing."

The Conscientious Objector does not expect his position to be understood, or to appear reasonable in the eyes of a country engaged in war. He knows he seems to be benefiting behind the Army and Navy of his country, but he does not seek their protection, and he believes their very existence and use produce the evils against which he protests. Unreasonable though he may appear, he is willing to submit to this misrepresentation and its consequence as his particular penalty for his sense of duty.

In view of the increasing number of men in military custody, it is most important that those who desire fair treatment for the Conscientious Objector should themselves form a tolerant judgment of his point of view.—Yours, &c.,

CLIFFORD ALLEN.

70, Overstrand Mansions, Prince of Wales Road,
Battersea, S.W.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE AND PRUSSIANISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—In your issue of May 20th two writers speak of universal military service as a particularly Prussian thing, and appeal to history in support of their ideas. I had looked for some correction in your present issue; instead of that, I find a warm testimonial to one of the writers by Mr. C. E. Maurice, who, in a similar letter last year, spoke of the Americans as having won the battle of Bunker's Hill!

Would not half our disagreements on so-called principle disappear if we were only a little more careful of our

facts? I am just old enough to remember the last echoes of the ancient clamor that universal education would "Prussianize" us—a delusion which is partly responsible for the fact that in some important departments of teaching we still lag half a century behind the Germans. There is no excuse, at the present moment, for writers who persistently ignore certain notorious historical facts in order to prejudice their opponents' cause. Universal military service has been maintained with absolute consistency, from century to century, by only one European country, and that is the most democratic of all—Switzerland. In France, it was introduced by the First Republic, throttled under the Second Empire, and re-introduced by the Third Republic. Prussia refused to introduce it in 1793 because the king feared its democratic effects; a wave of popular opinion introduced it in 1807; and, slow as has been the progress of Prussian democracy, nobody who faces the facts can deny that democracy has gained enormous ground, even in Prussia, since the days of Frederick the Great, whose army was mainly recruited by voluntary enlistment. Just a year ago I appealed in vain in your columns for a single instance of a country which, having adopted universal military service, found itself less free than in its earlier voluntarist days.

Yet the cry of "Prussianization" is still repeated with an ignorance which, at this stage of the controversy, comes very near to bad faith. Why do not these people, who profess to appeal to history, tell us that universal service will make us more like Switzerland or France, to whose splendid public spirit you yourself, sir, bore emphatic testimony not many weeks ago? Will you permit me to make one more challenge through your columns? There are many arbitration societies, peace societies, anti-conscription leagues which put opposition to universal service in the forefront of their programme, and have, therefore, presumably, made a real study of the subject. Will anyone of these leagues venture to name a writer who dares to maintain this thesis of "Prussianization" in an interchange of letters with me, which I will undertake to print and circulate at my own cost? It is time that this one spurious coin, at least, should be finally nailed to the counter.—Yours, &c.,

Great Shelford, Cambridge

G. G. COULTON.

A SEPARATE PEACE WITH BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lieut. Young has earned the right to speak for the Serbs; but why should he call "Bourbons" those of us who hope for a different verdict in their case than a mere restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*—the Treaty of Bucharest? Surely that was what was wanted by the Bourbons who forgave and forgot nothing. Is the only possible advocacy of the Serb cause to support those myopic militarists in Serbia who can see no future for their country other than in the Balkans? Surely the future of the South Slav nationality depends on whether the Serb State can now turn its back on Monastir and even on Pirot, which for the time are and once were Bulgar, in order to face its true national destinies in Central Europe? Piedmont resigned Savoy in order to restore Italy, and unless Serbia can resign Macedonia, Bulgaria will succeed in preventing Serbia from becoming the foundation and focus of South Slav nationality. But it offers the best prospect for the progress of South Slav nationality and for the peace of the World that Serbia should, as soon as possible, expand into a Central European Power and should not remain for long—as Bulgaria must always remain—a Balkan principality.

Nor are we morally bound to fight Bulgaria until it restores Macedonia, because any other course would be befriending "a robber" as against a friend "who had had his eye knocked out in defending our property." Macedonia is not our property—it is not even Serbian. Serbia took it when Bulgaria was helpless, four years ago—exactly as Bulgaria has now done. If certain Serbs want it back, in defiance of their obvious national destinies, let us distinguish between sympathy for a brave and oppressed ally, and our moral obligations to the cause for which all the Allies are fighting.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE YOUNG.

12, Holland Street. June 6th, 1916.

ENGLAND AND THE IRISH REBELLION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In these dark days in Ireland one turns to THE NATION as to a friend. If we had not such friends in England the cause would, indeed, be lost to many of us who have believed that a real alliance with England was possible—an alliance on equal terms—and in proof of our belief had given our sons to the Services, the fighting Services. I have given two sons—all I have—and I have a right to be heard.

When the news came of this naval battle, overwhelming in the grief it will bring to thousands in the loss of the brave sailors, one's thoughts travelled on to how the gaps in the Navy were to be filled. And since one's mind was full to overflowing for the moment, one thought of the brave stuff at one's doors to fill them. The clean, well-made, healthy boys of the fighting race who are scattered up and down through Ireland, so much too good for the ultimate destiny that will befall many of them of doing the clean-up work of America, or becoming at the best saloon-keepers and ward bosses. They are so straight, so fresh, that one unconsciously set them as clean sailor-men in the wind and the sun. The Irish produce such men in plenty. They have not heard of such a thing as the limitation of families; if they had, their religion would keep them from practising it. If the Irish were your friends and allies, as they were at the beginning of the war, you would have the finest soldiering stuff in the world. They fight for the love of it, and I have never heard of a Conscientious Objector in Ireland.

One had thought of these things before one remembered that at the moment recruiting for either Service was as dead as a door-nail in Ireland, and one's heart begins to ache over the pity of lost opportunities. In my knowledge of England—a quite extensive knowledge—I have frequently had it said to me: "We would treat the Irish quite well if only they would behave themselves," or words to that effect. But that is not what the Irish want. They have no doubt at all in their own minds that they are on the level of England or any other country. Friendship and alliance, yes; your foot on our necks, no. Most unfortunately, the foot on the neck is the *régime* in Ireland just at present.

You, and many like you, and I, and many like me, on both sides of the Channel are striving amid the wreck of things to bring some order out of chaos, that all may not be lost. A handful of generous sympathy is in these days worth more than all the repression, the driving discontent under the surface of military rule. The trouble is, it is all so stupid—one stupidity after another. And, meanwhile, the cause is being lost; the heart of Ireland is being alienated; the healthy, clean-living, men-producing, brave country, which ought to be an invaluable asset to England, is being driven to a quiet anger and revolt which are more dangerous than open rebellion.

Every provincial paper in Ireland is reproducing your articles and the articles of other friendly Liberal papers, and I assure you that those articles are comfortable to many a bruised and angry heart. Since there is to be a military censorship we shall, perhaps, have these articles no longer. But meanwhile we are assured by them that not to all Englishmen is the little finger of Ulster thicker than the loins of Celtic Ireland.

You will, perhaps, like to hear some extracts from the letter of a priest who came back from the American mission where he had been since just before the outbreak of the war, as soon as he was assured of being sent out to one of the fronts as an Army chaplain:—

"You remember I was always an admirer of England. Since the war began, while I was in America, I preached her in the teeth of the Germans as the best nation on earth. I was told by some Irish people there that I was a West Briton. I did not mind that, believing those who said it to be perpetuating an unreasonable, narrow-minded hatred. But now, if I went back to America, I would prefer not to meet those people."

"No wonder you sigh for the Good English to take command. Had they all risen to the level of those Best, it would have been a miracle, but then another miracle would have been in Ireland. A great opportunity has been lost."

These are the men we would have given you, and it is such men as these who are being lost to the English ships

and the English regiments in these unhappy days.—
Yours, &c.,
AN IRISHWOMAN.

June 7th, 1916.

THE PUBLICATION OF GERMAN BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—If Messrs. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., will refer to an advertisement in "The Westminster Gazette" of May 31st, they will find that Messrs. P. S. King & Son, Ltd., announce for publication an English translation of Naumann's "Mitteleuropa." Evidently Messrs. P. S. King & Son, Ltd., have found a way out of the difficulty.—Yours, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

June 2nd, 1916.

AN APPEAL FROM IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just returned from Dublin, where I have found very acute distress, and even starvation, in the poorer quarters of the city, arising out of the recent rebellion. With regard to this distress, a powerful organization has been formed, directed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to which doubtless an abundance of subscriptions will be sent. It is felt, however, that this will mainly relieve those sufferers who make a personal application, and a committee has been formed, the composition of which appears to me to be entirely impartial, bearing the name of "The National Aid Association," the object of which is described as "to provide for those who have suffered as the result of the recent insurrection." This committee of well-known citizens has undertaken to investigate personally in the mean streets of Dublin cases in which the relatives of imprisoned men or of the families of the sentenced dead are too stricken by misfortune to apply to the more obvious charitable organizations, and I am sure that this appeal will find response in every humane heart. Since my return to England two friends—Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Sir Hedley Le Bas—have each given me a guinea towards the fund. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. Richard Bowden, Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, or to Alderman P. W. Corrigan, 10, Exchequer Street, Dublin.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENT SHORTER.

16, Marlborough Place, London, N.W.

June 7th, 1916.

Poetry.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

In the beginning of time there rose from the churning of God's dreams two women.

One is the dancer at Heaven's Court, the desired of men; she, who laughs and plucks the minds of the sages from their meditation and of fools from their emptiness, and scatters them with careless hands in the extravagant winds of March, in the flowering frenzy of May.

The other is the crowned Queen of Heaven, the mother, throned on the fullness of the golden autumn; she, who brings the straying hearts to the smile sweet as tears, and beauty deep as the Sea of Silence, brings them to the Temple of the Unknown at the holy confluence of Life and Death.

* * * * *

You, in your timeless watch, listen to my approaching steps, while your gladness brews in the dusk of the dawn and breaks in the burst of light.

The nearer I draw to you the deeper is the fervor in the dance of the sea.

Your world is a spray of light filling your hands, but your heaven is in my secret heart; it slowly opens its buds in shy love.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Ultimate Belief." By A. Clutton Brock. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "General Botha: The Career and the Man." By Harold Spender. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Second Thoughts of an Economist." By William Smart. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "Nearing Jordan." By Sir Henry Lucy. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Plato and Christianity: Three Lectures." By William Temple. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)
 "Child Lovers and Other Poems." By William H. Davies. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
 "Jerusalem." By Selma Lagerlöf. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)
 "Les Débris de la Guerre." Par Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

AUTHORS' ghosts, like printers' devils, are beings of some importance in the world of books. Both have their detractors, but there are other less substantial apparitions, welcomed alike by authors and readers, of whose existence I have been reminded by looking through Miss Jessie Middleton's "White Ghost Book," which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell. The ghost is, indeed, a literary personage of the first importance. Andrew Lang recognized his value, though he thought the ghost in "Hamlet" not quite a success, and put down Alexandre Dumas's ghosts as rank failures because they made themselves too common and too cheap. The supernatural is no longer the trump card it once was with romancers, yet we find an occasional author, such as Mr. Algernon Blackwood or the late Father R. H. Benson, playing it with undoubted success. There is also a school of writers who have made good use of the mental complexities which modern psychology is disclosing. But the Society for Psychical Research has gone far to reduce spiritualism to the level of an exact science, and most self-respecting novelists will have nothing to do with ghosts that are willing to face a camera, if not, as yet, to submit to the processes of chemical analysis. But that may be in the not far distant future. It is the old-fashioned spectre to whom the world of books is most indebted. Let us not forget the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which was responsible for selling a moribund edition of "Drelincourt on Death," or the ghost of Jacob Marley, who wrought such a change in the mind of Scrooge.

This unsophisticated ghost had his golden age towards the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. He was an early product of the Romantic movement, and he made his appearance in England with Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" in 1764. "So great a gulf," says a contemporary critic, "is there between the taste of the late eighteenth century and the early twentieth century, that it is now almost impossible, on its intrinsic merits alone, to take the 'Castle of Otranto' seriously, or to do anything but laugh at the portions of the gigantic Alphonso which appear from time to time, to the very natural consternation of the inhabitants of Otranto." Two other quotations will illustrate the varying moods, not perhaps of taste, but of belief, in this respect. "A few years ago," Miss Jessie Middleton asserts, "it was considered old-fashioned and ridiculous to believe in ghosts; now it is old-fashioned not to believe in them. Every day brings us fresh proof and well-founded instances." And, to take a stage intermediate between Horace Walpole and Miss Middleton, this is Kinglake's tribute to the power of the press as a layer of ghosts:—

"We in England are scarcely conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious; so that really a simple cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief in ghosts than the Lord High Chancellor."

I remember that Lord Chancellor Brougham was certain that he saw a ghost, and I feel inclined to remark, with Dr. Johnson, that "this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided: a question, whether in

theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

As far as the ghosts that people the world of books are concerned, Horace Walpole was certainly the progenitor of a crowd of these apparitions. The lineal descendants of Alphonso fill the pages of Clare Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis, Maturin, and Scott. They are seen in the lineaments of the Byronic hero, and they are found almost among our own contemporaries in the stories of Bulwer Lytton, Poe, Hawthorne, and R. L. Stevenson. Among these purveyors of the supernatural, one of the most notable, from the ghostly if not from the artistic standpoint, is Mrs. Radcliffe. Her "Mysteries of Udolpho" is a classic of its sort. That is to say, it is a book which everybody speaks about and nobody reads, yet it won the approval of Scott, Fox, and Sheridan, not to mention the Catherine Morland of "Northanger Abbey." Miss Morland loved Mrs. Radcliffe's tender yet terrific fancy. She told Mr. Tilney that, while she had "Udolpho" to read, nothing could make her miserable, and this is how she speaks of the romance to Isabella in the Pump-room at Bath:—

"Oh! I am quite delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature, how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished 'Udolpho,' I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

"Have you, indeed? How glad I am! What are they all?"

"I will read you their names directly; here they are in my pocket-book. 'Castle of Wolfenbach,' 'Clermont,' 'Mysterious Warnings,' 'Necromancer of the Black Forest,' 'Midnight Bell,' 'Orphan of the Rhine,' and 'Horrid Mysteries.' Those will last us some time."

FRENCH ghosts have characteristics of their own, though they have been influenced a good deal both by England and Germany. Balzac's early attempts at fiction were direct imitations of Maturin, Lewis, and Mrs. Radcliffe. "Le Centenaire" is practically a translation of "Melmoth," and "Le Vicairé des Ardennes" borrows many of its episodes from "The Monk." Gérard de Nerval, Charles Nodier, and, to a certain extent, Mérimée derive from German sources, while Villiers de l'Isle Adam got his ideas from Poe. Maupassant introduced a fresh note into French supernaturalism in fiction, and, after Doïstoevsky's novels appeared, this was enriched by a study of morbid psychology, at which French writers proved to be brilliant pupils. Gilbert Augustin Thierry, who died some months ago, wrote one of the best examples of this type of novel in "Marfa," a book which has been warmly praised by Anatole France. Within recent years French fiction has shown some signs of harking back to the supernatural, or at any rate to the psychic borderland between it and the purely material. M. Claude Farrère and M. Maurice Renard have made excellent use of this motive. I refer readers who wish to make further researches into the subject to M. Hubert Matthéy's "Essai sur le Merveilleux dans la Littérature Française depuis 1800."

I AM sorry that Miss Middleton has almost nothing to tell us about the ghosts of fiction, but as her book is one of a series, perhaps she may deal with them in a future volume. She gives a list of some famous writers who saw ghosts. These include Byron, Shelley, Goethe, Brougham, and John Wesley: According to Lockhart, Scott certainly heard a ghost at Abbotsford, and Moore's "Journal" definitely states that Sir Adam Ferguson asserted that he and Scott saw a ghost while they were drinking together. Moore goes on to record Scott's remark that the only two men who had ever told him they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One of these was Lord Castlereagh. From the same source I take the following story, which goes to show that at any rate one of those concerned had good grounds for believing in ghosts. It appears in the "Journal" under the date of October 4th, 1823:—

"In talking of ghost stories, Lord Lansdowne told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but one of the company turning to her and asking whether she did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered: 'Si j'y crois! Oui, et même je le suis'; and instantly vanished."

PENGUIN.

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Reviews.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "MASS."

"Political Parties: A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy." By ROBERT MICHELS. (Jarrold. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE "Iron Law of Oligarchy" is the subject of this remarkable study by Professor Michels. This "law" is deduced from the facts of history and contemporary experience. It enunciates a fundamentally pessimistic conclusion concerning human "progress." Surveying mankind from his Switzerland home, this observer comes deliberately to the conclusion that "Democracy," in any recognized sense of the word, is doomed to failure. The high hopes entertained of its evolution into some future "government of the people, for the people, by the people," are hopes of a Utopia somewhere beyond the fixed stars. The old kings go down before the nobles, and the "mass" applauds. The nobles go down before the bourgeoisie, and the "mass" again applauds. The "bourgeoisie" may be destined to go down before the proletariat, and the "mass" will still applaud; thinking that at length it has come into its heritage. But it is as far from this ideal as in the old days, when men's lives and property were at the mercy of the caprice of individual tyrants or beneficent rulers. For the "mass" is always ignorant, wayward, swayed by tides of popular emotion, too trustful of its leaders, and with a fundamental incapacity of governing or of rightly judging of the problems of government. The leaders are animated by a passion for the people, but also by a passion for power. And the passion for power, as life advances, gradually eliminates the passion for the people with which the dreams of youth first inspired action in remarkable, selected minds. The inevitable result, as the Professor can demonstrate from every country in Europe, is either that the leaders forsake the definitely proletarian parties, and, like Mr. John Burns, M. Briand, and M. Millerand, enter into the oligarchical system of the older politics; or, if still retaining their loyalty to the organizations—Democratic and Socialist—in which they first found expression, they become themselves an oligarchy controlling the policy, the press, and the methods of agitation which such bodies undertake. Professor Michels traces the course of this process in the Trades Unions of all countries, where the many tamely acquiesce in the decision of the few, and the seemingly democratic organization really means little more than the entrusting of unlimited power to a delegated hierarchy. He finds the same process in such an organization as the German Social Democratic Party, where the proletariat blindly vote for the authority of an autocratic caucus, consisting largely of journalists, doctors, professional politicians, and educated recruits from the "Middle Classes." The "mass" only rouses itself at intervals. It is occupied mainly with its own particular pleasures and pains. It endeavors to get a little more comfort out of life, and has but the vaguest notion of general principles, or foreign policies, or the desirable methods of human change. So, says Professor Michels in his mournful conclusion, has it been from the beginning. So shall it be till the end. The "Iron Law of Oligarchy" but reveals the delusion of progress, like that of an animal situated in a revolving cage, who thinks that he is advancing because the cage goes round.

Let us hear his own summary:—

"The democratic currents of history resemble successive waves. They break ever on the same shoal. They are ever renewed. This enduring spectacle is simultaneously encouraging and depressing. When democracies have gained a certain stage of development, they undergo a gradual transformation, adopting the aristocratic spirit, and in many cases the aristocratic forms, against which at the outset they struggled so fiercely. Now new accusers arise to denounce the traitors: after an era of glorious combats and of inglorious power, they end by fusing with the old dominant class: whereupon once more they are attacked by fresh opponents who appeal in the name of Democracy. It is probable that this cruel game will continue without end."

One may accept much of Professor Michels's diagnosis as to the state of the present, while resolutely refusing to share his hopeless vision of the future. To some competent social theorists, indeed, the "game" appears not "cruel" but as satisfactory as it is inevitable. The Fabian Society

doctrine that "consent" and not initiative is all that the "mass" can be expected to give, finds no subject of regret in the "Iron Law of Oligarchy." At first this "consent" will be given to means for the definite "clearing up" of the elements of actual social disease, now affecting all modern civilization: such as the elimination of the feeble-minded, the clearance of the "slum," the education of the children of the "mass." But at the same time the government of that "mass" is to be effected by an actual process partly of artificial, partly of natural, selection. For through a vigorous educational machinery, those children of the "mass" who are endowed with brains and energy are to be separated from their fellows, forced forward into equality with the children of the dominant classes, to pass upward from higher school to University, and ultimately organize, with their superior brains and powers, a democracy in which the "mass" will give consent in return for increasing comfort. Supposing that process complete, and every potential "mass" leader removed at the age of childhood, by a perfect system of co-ordinated education, to a position in the dominant classes adequate to his intelligence—there is then nothing left to lead revolt, or express the social discontent, which, ostensibly stimulated by the "monstrous inequality of human fortune," is in reality (as Professor Michels declares) the "kicking" of the individual against the "pricks" of his cramped and confined condition. The educational "sieve" would thus sort out from the mass all its potential ability and energy, leaving behind only a multitude of "rude mechanicals" unsuited to any work but that in which they are engaged, and definitely sacrificing their demand for real political power in return for such reformation as they can appreciate in the condition of their labor.

It is in France, however, and not amongst the English Fabians that Professor Michels finds this apprehension by the "mass" of its own impotence most clearly comprehended. "The social revolution" (he here finds it understood) "would not effect any real modification of the internal structure of the mass. The Socialists might conquer, but not Socialism, which would perish in the moment of its adherents' triumph." "All that is left for the workers is the honor 'de participer au recrutement gouvernemental.'" "In France, in working-class circles, the phrase is current '*homme élu, homme foutu*.'" So in despair, while the town workers pass from Socialism to Syndicalism, revolt and revolt in vain, the peasant is content to "cultivate his garden," cursing all politicians and free from any illusion as to probable or substantial betterment of his condition. Democracy here has been "found out." It was being "found out" in less keen-witted and defiant minds through all the troubled regions of international social discontent: until "the flood came and destroyed them all."

The present English translation is from the latest edition of Professor Michels's work, containing a chapter written subsequent to that cosmic catastrophe. In the lessons of the war, as at present revealed, this preacher of pessimism finds all his worst prophecies fulfilled. "This deplorable war," as he describes it, "come like a storm in the night, when everyone, wearied with the labor of the day, was plunged in well-deserved slumber, rages all over the world with unprecedented violence, and with such a lack of respect for human life and of regard for the eternal creations of art, as to endanger the very corner-stones of civilization, dating from more than a thousand years." He finds here the "mass" led blindly into destruction. The "International" has broken like a spider's web. The German Socialist Party, fearing extinction and loss of all that vague support which enabled it to poll four million adult citizens, flings itself into purely national ideals, and is led by militarism as a tame dog is led by its master. The war has "further accentuated the oligarchical character of party leadership." "In no country, except Italy, was the great question of the attitude of parties in relation to the problem of peace or war laid before the ordinary members; everywhere the supreme decision was in the hands of the leaders, and the masses had merely to accept an accomplished fact." In every country, in other words, says this critic, the leaders may have been right or been wrong. But in every country the leaders decided; the democracy did not count. And the leaders having thus decided, the democracy was bound to accept the *fait accompli*, bound to become cannon-fodder in a cause which they had never previously accepted as their own.

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What is the remedy? This observer can find none. The ideal Government, he remarks in another place, would be that of an aristocracy of persons at once morally good and technically efficient. But where shall we discover such an aristocracy? It is a problem that has troubled all those who hope for a better future. It has ultimately proved the bed-rock difficulty of all constructors of Utopias, from Plato to Mr. H. G. Wells, with his *Samurai* governing classes, celibate, self-sacrificing, devoted to the common good, indifferent to their own. Yet though many efforts have been made to realize this, they have all broken down. The Jesuits fulfilled some such ideal in Paraguay for many centuries. At the end, inherited obediences stamped on the soul of a people resulted in its total destruction in blind loyalty to a madman ruler. We cannot in the least determine whether, with Germany as a constitutionally-governed State and the Social Democrats in power, war would not have broken out in the present as quickly and as fiercely as through the mailed fist and shining sword of a militarist absolutism. Yet the fact remains, as Professor Michels himself is compelled to testify, that "as a form of social life we must choose Democracy as the least of evils"; that with Democracy is bound up all hope of the future of the human family.

For this is a purely materialistic survey of the present, with little in it to signify that Democracy may be, not merely a system of government, but a spiritual inspiration. Man as yet is "being made." Only in a minute fraction of time has he crept out of the twilight of supernatural terrors, of Divine Right of Kings, of all the beliefs and fetters which make one realize, in the literature of a few generations also, how small a space of years even now has been given to the "common people" each to realize his own spiritual meaning as a member of a Democratic "City of God" building actually in the world. Still, the "mass" condemned so wholeheartedly by such intellectuals as Professor Michels for scarcely commencing to cultivate a mind, is engaged in prolonged hours of mechanical toil, deadening to the human spirit, and has but half begun to lift up its head and walk the world free and unashamed. Is it not possible to hope, not only in a sieve sifting out from such a "mass" the energetic and efficient to become in the future its contemptuous taskmasters, but also, in a general elevation of the whole multitudinous life of the wage-earner, a development of Democratic consciousness and ardor such as humanity has never before seen? Such at least are the "Democratic Vistas" of which Whitman wrote, in a kind of mystic uplifting, with the vision of cities with "arms round each others' necks," and of the creation of a kind of universal friendship out of a universal equality. The conception of the present "crowd," betraying or betrayed by its leaders, taking momentary and gusty interests in political or social changes, dominated by blind passions of hatred or triumph or despair, yields thus to a vision of change "beyond the change," when not only the "giants" but the whole race will be able to distinguish the charlatan from the statesman, to choose leaders who will be loyal to the ideal, to realize the impossibility of present social conditions, to overthrow the madness of war.

Studies such as those of Professor Michels in deducing from the chaos of the present eternal chaos in the future, with their brilliant generalizations, their wealth of knowledge, their seemingly scientific and impartial deductions from contemporary facts, produce on the minds of the present a similar effect to that of the "iron law of wages" or the doctrine of Malthus on the hopes and dreams of a hundred years ago. Like Newman's generalization on the "ways of men," the result is a vision to "dizzy and appal." "The oligarchical structure of the building suffocates the basic democratic principle." "That which is oppresses that which ought to be." "The notion of the representation of popular interests, a notion to which the great majority of democrats, and in especial, the working-class masses of the German-speaking lands, cleave with so much tenacity and confidence, is an illusion engendered by a false illumination, is an effect of mirage." "Within the limits of time for which human provision is possible, optimism will remain the exclusive privilege of Utopian thinkers." The sentences fall like hammer-strokes on the coffin of the Democratic ideal. Nevertheless, the Democratic ideal will continue as the dominant motive-power of human action. For it refuses to recognize the limitation of men

to-morrow in the strange, narrow limits of man's clouded and diminished life to-day. Through wars and social upheavals man advances towards, not twilight, but dawn.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE GERMANS.

"The German Soul in its Attitude towards Ethics and Christianity, the State, and War." By Baron FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Nemesis of Docility: A Study of German Character." By EDMUND HOLMES. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

IN the early days of the war an eminent man was taken to task by the vulgar for saying that his spiritual home was in Germany. The sentiment is common to persons of education; and, in view of the inevitable reaction against things German, from philosophy to sauerkraut, it is well that it should find expression. It is indeed those who are most conscious of their debt to Germany by whom the contrast between Philip drunk and Philip sober is felt most acutely: it was not from insensibility to the scandal of his lapse from temperance that the pious patriarch drew a veil over Noah's shame.

For it is impossible to overstate the gravity of the psychological symptoms presented by the German people. They are such that no national collapse, however complete or sudden, could surprise us: the wonder is that, so far, no such catastrophe has occurred. How are they to be accounted for? No question connected with the war is so fundamental; in the rich alluvial deposit of Baron von Hügel's studies of "The German Soul," and in Mr. Holmes's more limited, but not less pertinent, "Nemesis of Docility," the curious will find a descriptive diagnosis of aberrations on so large a scale as to suggest an affirmative answer to the question, Do nations, like men, go mad? The indications are familiar, and may be studied in such handbooks as those of Kraft Ebbing or Lombroso: megalomania, a perverse blending of cruelty and animalism, a complete absence of self-control, of moral sense, of human instinct—of the perception of the ludicrous which goes with reason. The German cultivates hate and goes about "strafing"; he does not know when he becomes repulsive and absurd. The well-meant attempt to limit these unpleasing features to swash-bucklers of the Zubern type breaks down. Baron von Hügel describes a letter addressed to him by a "still young, highly-cultivated South German scholar . . . a delicately religious spirit" (the Baron, who is nothing if not charitable, *credit omnia*), "whose Protestantism was greatly softened and suffused by large Catholic sympathies. It was a long, touchingly earnest plea in favor of the German claims, especially of a cultural kind, and centred in the strange assertion and argument that German culture had by now, as a sheer matter of fact, fully assimilated all that deserved to live in the several civilizations of Greece and Rome, Italy, France, and England; and hence that the spreading and the substitution, by means even of the force of arms, of this German culture, now become the legitimate heir (because the actual quintessence) of all those other cultures, was both no more than justice on the part of Germany towards herself, and no kind of loss, but rather a great gain, in fruitful concentration for Europe and humanity at large." And Romanizing Anglicans, who connect the atrocities of the Germans with their Protestantism, are reminded by this distinguished Catholic of "the apparent absence of all check exercised by their religion upon the 'realistic' affinities so markedly revealed by the German Roman Catholic clergy generally, and by the laity of the great Centre Party. I take it to be beyond question that, the *Kulturkampf* once settled, the bulk of the Roman Catholics of Germany . . . accepted and even helped on the Chauvinist temper, megalomania, and 'realism' so prominent in their Government's dealings with other countries." A German Cardinal, *e.g.*, assures us that the number of French and Belgian priests shot or otherwise disposed of has been trifling. As far as crimes of blood and sex are concerned, the Catholic Bavarians rival the Protestant Prussians; nor (eye-witnesses tell us) has either their piety, or the superstition frequently allied to piety, restrained them from the grossest sacrilege—*i.e.*, the abuse of consecrated persons, places, and things. "Whatever may be the differences of social and religious

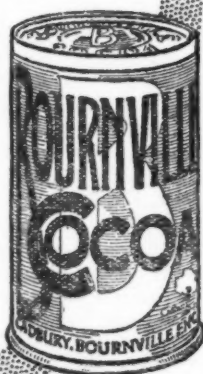
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conviction between German Socialists, Junkers, Centre-men, and Government officials, or between German Agnostics, Materialists, Catholics, and Lutherans, certain German characteristics, common to them all, outweigh—at least for a time—the influence of the restraints, modifications, or stimulations which their several social or religious convictions could, or did, bring to bear upon them." Baron von Hügel's analysis of the difference of the German and English mentalities, acute as it is, scarcely connects the intellectual qualities of the former with its moral defects. Intellectually, he very justly remarks, the Scottish mind has more in common with the German than with the English (may the present writer confess to being sufficiently Scottish to be unable to read English theology?) but from the standpoint of ethics and civilization the Briton, English or Scot, is on one side of the dividing line and the German on the other, a gulf separating the two. It is probable that the newness of German civilization is the central fact in the situation. Germany is the *parvenu* of the nations, and has the self-assertion, the crudeness, the brutality of the self-made man. These qualities are not the peculiar possession of any one race: but breeding makes us ashamed of and inclines us to restrain them; where this is absent men glory in their shame. There is only one European sovereign who habitually thinks of himself as the predominant partner in the firm of the Deity, or who could exhort his troops—"You think daily of your Emperor. Do not forget your God." And only in one nation could a University professor write of his countrymen: "We are morally and intellectually superior to all men. In a world of wickedness we represent love, and God is with us: our characteristics are humanity, gentleness, truth, conscience, the virtues of Christ." This in the face of Louvain and of the "Lusitania." How un-Greek! How complete an absence of measure and proportion! Some men do not think—what are called in England gentlemen do not speak—in this way.

The study of German character embodied in Mr. Holmes's "Nemesis of Docility" takes the analysis a stage further. The charge of individualism has been brought against the Anglo-Saxon peoples; they under-rate, it is said, the corporate element in man and the claims of the State upon the citizen. It is true: but the opposite tendency is the more dangerous, and the more difficult to break away from, for it lends itself to a more plausible and stereotyped theory of life. "By docility," says Mr. Holmes, "I mean readiness to obey for the sake of obeying, avidity for commands and instruction, reluctance to accept responsibility or exercise initiative, inability to react against the pressure of autocratic authority. Docility, in this sense of the word, when it is a national characteristic, may become a destructive force of extreme violence. For a docile majority implies a dogmatic and domineering minority; and the docile majority may carry docility so far as to become dogmatic and domineering, in imitation of their masters, whom they naturally make their model. Thus it is possible for a people to be as clay in the hands of ambitious and unscrupulous rulers, and yet to be arrogant, aggressive, and self-centred in their bearing towards the rest of the world. When this happens, the materials have been laid for a great conflagration, and only a spark is needed to set them ablaze." This spark fell in 1914, with the results that we see.

The wider bearings of this docility are obvious: it indicates a radical scepticism in the understanding and a radical weakness of will. The human reason, general and individual, has its limitations. But, such as it is, it is all that we have, or can have, to direct us; and it makes headway against its limitations, though it does so less rapidly than we could wish. And to reject it is to lay down our arms. "The docile-dogmatic diathesis has behind it a philosophy of life which is vitiated by one fundamental fallacy—distrust of human nature. For trust in human nature the ultra-docile substitute trust in authority as embodied in a particular person, such as an autocrat, a teacher, or an officer; or in a particular institution, such as a Church, a State, or a code of law. The (psychological) reason why they do this is that the ideal and the universal elements in human nature make demands on them which they are not prepared to meet. And so, in their terror of these infinities, they betake themselves to some concrete 'authority,' and ask it for direction and promise it implicit obedience. . . . That such a régime must tend to atrophy—through disuse—of the higher senses and

faculties of those who have to submit to it, is an almost self-evident truth." That this has been so is written large in the history of the present war. Outsiders and the manufactured press which exploits outside opinion applaud the almost superhuman ability of the German General Staff. The scientific soldier differs. His opinion of the British Staff is low; but his opinion of the German is lower. It has missed chance upon chance, and opportunity upon opportunity. *Quid prodest homini?* "The successes which Germany has achieved have been for the most part triumphs of military technique, of administrative machinery, and of applied science, and may be regarded as the reward of years of methodical preparation for war. Of such successes there have been many. But the larger plans of the General Staff have nearly all miscarried; and no general of superlative ability has yet come to the front." Here, as in so many other respects, a parallel between civil and religious absolutism suggests itself; the absolute Empire is a mere living and actual replica of the absolute Church. Pragmatism, to go no higher, refutes the one and the other. Neither takes in the facts either of human nature, or of the situation; neither works.

ARMS AND THE MUSE.

"The Survival of the Fittest." By J. C. SQUIRE. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)

"The Pageant of War." By Lady MARGARET SACKVILLE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. net.)

"Over the Brazier." By ROBERT GRAVES. (Poetry Bookshop. 8d. net.)

THE war-poets who dump the Kaiser on St. Helena, and maybe rhyme him with "Mauser," who certainly rhyme "Goeben" with "turbine" and "Kultur" with "vulture," are, by the vengeance of the outraged Muse, sometimes bit with their own Bight. In two of these books of verse, at any rate, the war with the Prussians at home, who, spiritually if not literally, have threatened our national existence, has not passed unnoticed. We have no intention of comparing Mr. Squire with Butler or Calverley or J. K. Stephens or Marvell or Rochester or Pope or Dryden or the authors of "Rejected Addresses," partly for the sake of Mr. Squire's serenity, partly because the many worthy reviewers who have criticized his previous work are apparently of opinion that, since both he and they have written satirical verse, there must be some resemblance somewhere, partly because we can see none. In this new book, Mr. Squire gives us seven epigrams and eight poems. For so brilliant and sincere a satirist as Mr. Squire, this volume seems to us to fall a little short of "Imaginary Speeches" and "Steps to Parnassus." It is a little more obvious, a little more hasty and careless in its versification, and, in its easy—rather too easy—workmanship, perhaps more accessible to the "plain man" than the artist. With the exception of the "Christmas Hymn for Lambeth" and the famous epigram, "The Dilemma" (which has already been quoted in the pages of the NATION, and will assuredly achieve the highest distinction possible to the artist—the justified recognition of posterity), there is nothing so witty, so subtle, so pointed and artistically effective as, for instance, "The Merciful Widow" in "Steps to Parnassus," and the burlesque poems in "Imaginary Speeches." But that is looking at the book as a whole, and taking into consideration the fact that the implication of Mr. Squire's themes is of so broad and genuine a quality that they are not susceptible of any but broad and, shall we say, photographic treatment. It is surely the tribulation of the satirist that so much that happens these days parodies itself and substitutes the camera for the brush. Still there are things that nobody but Mr. Squire could have written. The last few lines of "The Higher Life for Clergymen" have a royal strength and fierceness:—

"Nor will they change; when the last worst war is done,
And all mankind lies rotting in the sun,
High on the highest pile of skulls will kneel,
Thanking his God for that He did reveal
This crowning proof of His great grace to man,
A radiant pink, well-nourished Anglican."

The aptness, spontaneity, and freshness of the epigram:—

"Customs die hard in this our native land;
And still in Northern France, I understand,
Our gallant boys, as through the fray they forge,
Cry 'God for Harmsworth, England, and Lloyd George!'"

FOR OUR SAILOR PRISONERS.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CHIVALRY OF THOSE AT HOME.

Day and night the hearts of all true patriots go out in thought and sympathy to the brave sailors and soldiers who have had the grim misfortune to be made prisoners of war. It is difficult to think of a condition more trying to the temper, more vexatious to the spirit; and when the inevitable hardships of these men are considered, the tragedy is estimated at something like its real worth.

Speaking recently in the House of Commons on this subject, Mr. Tennant confessed that "if it had not been for the parcels of goods sent to the men from this country they would, in very many instances, have been starved. I do not, therefore, think that there should be any relaxation of the efforts that have been made, and are being made, to send relief to the prisoners."

In the spirit of this suggestion the British and Foreign Sailors' Society is taking its part in this great enterprise, and through its Sailor Prisoners of War Association is sending out regular parcels to interned seamen whose need is serious and urgent. The distinguished president of this important agency of the Society's work is Lady Beatty, and she herself has undertaken to despatch regular parcels. Working in the spirit of true co-operation with the other relief societies, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society is able to guard against any wasteful overlapping.

Is there a reader of THE NATION who will help in this chivalrous and patriotic undertaking? If so, will he or she write to the honorary secretary of the Association, Mrs. F. Hall, Elmcroft, Muswell Hill Road, N., and indicate the nature of the help? Friends are required who will promise to send regular parcels to interned sailors; but should this make too great a demand on the time available, cheques will gladly be received and parcels despatched in the name of the donor. The work of this department is entirely carried out by honorary helpers, and it is hoped that a large number of readers will make immediate and generous response.

The other branches of the Sailors' Society are also worthy of the interest, sympathy, and support of British patriots. In the many home and foreign branches of the Society British seamen are cared for in the name of humanity; and during the last twenty-one months scores of crews whose ships have been brutally and criminally torpedoed by the enemy have been welcomed in the dead of night and in the early hours of the morning. Warm words of praise for the Society's war work were spoken recently at the Mansion House by Dr. Macnamara, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, and Commander Carlyon Bellairs; while on Empire Day Lady Beatty received the magnificent gift of £500 for the Society's work from the Tsar of Russia.

Week by week, acting upon the instructions of Sir Edward Ward, the Society is sending thousands of bound volumes and magazines to the men of the auxiliary fleets, while over 60,000 woollen comforts have been distributed to men of the Grand Fleet and mercantile marine.

The need is urgent. Our sailors are worthy of the best that we can do. Will you help to cheer some lonely prisoner? Will you lend a hand to the shipwrecked crew? Do something, and do it now. The head offices of the Society are at The Sailors' Palace, Commercial Road, E., and the treasurer is Sir Frederick Green, J.P.

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THE annual meeting of this company was held on the 8th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., M.P., presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said they could look on the result of the year's working with satisfaction. The profit amounted to £349,000, as compared with £326,000 for the previous year, and they were paying a dividend of 9 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, as compared with 8 per cent. for each of the two previous years. The steamers had been kept continuously employed. Though not requisitioned to quite so great an extent as in the case of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, a considerable percentage of the fleet was in the service of the Government. They had also loaded homewards from West Africa on account of the Government sixteen steamers, eleven of which were former Woermann Line steamers, captured at Duala, in the Cameroons. With regard to the "Appam," diplomatic negotiations to secure its release had not so far been successful. The decision of the Courts was now awaited. Notwithstanding the restricted tonnage, they brought from West Africa 25 per cent. more produce than in 1913, the last pre-war year. One of the most important trade developments in West Africa in recent times was the production and export of cocoa from the Gold Coast. Much had been done to pave the way for the palm kernel industry to be taken up on a large scale. The enormous increase in the demand for nut butters assured a good market for the main product, while the demand for agricultural purposes of the by-products of the kernels was beyond his most sanguine expectations.

With regard to the shipping position generally, he believed that the remedy for the shortage of tonnage would be found in a more economical use of the tonnage still available, in the speeding-up of merchant shipbuilding so far as naval necessities would permit—and this must remain paramount—and a quicker handling of ships and cargoes at the ports.

As to trade conditions after the war, there was no doubt they would have a very severe struggle, and the Government must be prepared to help British commerce to a far greater extent than in the past; they could not maintain their position unaided against the resources of a foreign Government. The events of the North Sea Battle, still thrilling in their minds, made them prouder than ever of the Fleet.

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The neatness and pungency of the epigram on a certain peer:—

"Is it not strange that Lord Molasses
Should dare to preach to soldiers' wives,
And seek to rob the working-classes
Of both their money and their lives?"

"Oh no! A peer of new creation
Broad-based on wholesale groceries,
Will still preserve an inclination
For paring other people's cheese."

Whatever his faults (and he is almost too ready with his pen) Mr. Squire is certain of a permanent and high place in the literature of this generation.

The intense sincerity and spiritual passion of Lady Margaret Sackville's poetry are its virtues—virtues without which (to echo the proven platitude) all the artistry in the world is of little avail. Her verse lacks spontaneity; it never shapes itself into the inevitable, perspicuous form of poetry, its emotion never fuses with its expression, in such a way (as Lamb said of John Fletcher) as to "join one line to another like a running hand." "Each line revolves on itself like a sort of separate orbit"—which is only another way of saying that Lady Margaret Sackville writes consciously with her pen, rather than lets her pen write subconsciously for her. But there is a stately movement and rhythm in her title-poem:—

"And after him, with measured tread,
Came sweeping on in long defile,
Marching together without word or smile,
Gesture or turn of head,
The pitiful, bright army of the dead.
The sun in which they had no share
Fell on their brows, reddened their hair,
Shone in their eyes,
In which was neither memory nor surmise.
Their even feet
Beat without wrath or heat,
As the world's heart might beat;
Treading their solemn, calm, heroic measure
Of death—even as it were for pleasure;
Whose sight grown dim
With the great splendor of their fate,
Saw not or saw too late,
The face of Him
To whom so willingly they sacrificed."

It is good if not great verse.

Mr. Graves is a clever versifier—which is not so insulting as it sounds. His work, that is to say, is still so immature that one can predict nothing certain of him. He has the materials of his craft, and he makes very neat use of them. And the second part of his book, which treats of his personal experiences as a soldier, shows a considerable advance on his first. If he will develop a broader and deeper temper, and perceive that flexibility is a means and not an end, he ought to do excellent work.

MR. LAWRENCE ABROAD.

"Twilight in Italy." By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth. 6s.)

MR. LAWRENCE'S volume is a pleasing departure from the Englishman's literary harvest in Italy. He writes direct from his sensations, puts himself into the landscape and the people's minds, brings all his battery of poetical truth and prejudice into play in his observations and commentaries, and, in short, by his swift, vivid impressionism, creates an æsthetic tissue of spiritual values. It is in his blend of intellectual curiosity and sensuous receptivity that Mr. Lawrence is so original, so psychologically stimulating. Not that his penetration into Italian peasant life is just or profound, it is merely the stuff on which he embroiders his fresh, variegated designs of human interest. The man of clever talent would have given us a detailed description of his journey on foot among the Bavarian uplands and foothills: Mr. Lawrence, as a poet, is entirely absorbed by the significance of the wayside crucifixes, of their meaning symbolism in the landscape, and of their relation to this life and sensuous fulfilment of the Bavarian peasant through labor:—

"But gradually, one after another, looming shadowily under their hoods, the crucifixes seem to create a new atmosphere over the whole of the countryside, a darkness, a weight in the air that is so unnaturally bright and rare with the reflection from the snows above, a darkness hovering just over the earth. So rare and unearthly the light is from

the mountains, full of strange radiance. Then every now and again recurs the crucifix, at the turning of an open, grassy road, holding a shadow and a mystery under its painted hood.

"It was an old shrine, the wood-sculpture of a Bavarian peasant. The Christ was a peasant of the foot of the Alps. He had broad cheek-bones and sturdy limbs. His plain, rudimentary face stared fixedly at the hills, his neck was stiffened, as if in resistance to the fact of the nails and the cross, which he could not escape. It was a man nailed down in spirit, but set stubbornly against the bondage and the disgrace. He was a man of middle age, plain, crude, with some of the meanness of the peasant, but also with a kind of dogged nobility that does not yield its soul to the circumstance. Plain, almost blank in his soul, the middle-aged peasant of the crucifix resisted unmoving the misery of his position. He did not yield. His soul was set, his will was fixed. He was himself, let his circumstances be what they would, his life fixed down."

So with his paper on the Terrace of San Tomaso, where the traveller finds an old woman spinning, and where he looks down on two monks walking in their garden of bony vines and olive trees. The dark-skinned Italians, the grey, little old woman, the monks who never look up, the dazzle of snow on the mountain summits, and the exquisite, ethereal flush of the heavens before the coming of night, these figures are shown in relation to a poetic, metaphysical background of flesh and spirit, of night and day, of earthly limitation and Nature's infinity. The Italians would be as much astonished by the subtle symbolism of the picture as by the author's ingenious speculations about the soul of Italy since the Renaissance, and its worship of the Godhead in the flesh. It is not that there is not real insight in Mr. Lawrence's speculations, but he is reading his own poetic intensity and sensuous passion into his Italian peasants to the exclusion of their simple solidity and shrewdness. His picture of life at San Gaudenzio, a village high up above Lake Garda, in the pink farm-house where he lodged with the peasant proprietor, Paolo Fiori and his wife and children, again, is a poet's picture, with all the finer spiritual aspects of the human problems intellectualized and accentuated in the glass of speculative imagination. Not that Mr. Lawrence cannot when he wishes stick close to earth, and study and sketch types with sharp truth. In "John," a sketch of a gentle, sensitive Italian youth, who is so fascinated by the hurried, raw democratic life of America that he insists on leaving his wife and child and his father, and going back to a dry-goods store in Pennsylvania, we have a veracious silhouette, charming in its fresh actuality. Again, "Italians in Exile," a description of a small colony of Italian factory hands, established for years in a Swiss village, loving Italy passionately, but resolved to remain outside the grip of the State and the Army, we find most satisfying in its sharp verity. Italy itself is full of these anarchists, who are in rebellion, open or secret, against this all-embracing tyranny of the economic system, the bourgeoisie, and a paternal Government. Perhaps the cleverest and the most psychologically interesting of the ten chapters is the last, "The Return Journey," where Mr. Lawrence brings home to us with extraordinary vividness his sense of the process of disintegration that is fast destroying the old life of Europe and bringing into being "the ruthless multiplicity of mechanical activities," that is to say, the new life, the life of the factory, of slave-work in quarries or mines or on the railways, purposeless, meaningless, really slave-work, each integer doing his mere labor, and all for no purpose, except to have money, and to get away from the old system.

"It seems to happen when the peasant suddenly leaves his home and becomes a workman. Then an entire change comes over everywhere. Life is now a matter of selling oneself to slave-work, building roads or laboring in quarries or mines or on the railways, purposeless, meaningless, really slave-work, each integer doing his mere labor, and all for no purpose, except to have money, and to get away from the old system."

"It is as if the whole social form were breaking down, and the human element swarmed within the disintegration, like maggots in cheese. The roads, the railways are built, the mines and quarries are excavated, but the whole organism of life, the social organism, is slowly crumbling and caving in, in a kind of process of dry rot, most terrifying to see. So that it seems as though we should be left at last with a great system of roads and railways and industries, and a world of utter chaos seething upon these



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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe." By Princess RADZIWIŁŁ. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

ONLY the other day Princess Radziwill was entertaining the public with gossip about "The Royal Marriage Market of Europe," and though the present volume extends its scope to cover statesmen, its prime interest is confined to princes. Of these Princess Radziwill writes with the freedom of an intimate and the absence of respect which is a traditional effect of intimacy. But, far from sharing the view that sovereigns are in any way an anachronism in the twentieth century, Princess Radziwill maintains that monarchs are still to a large extent the arbiters of the destinies of their people, and she points to the present war in proof. Indeed, the war seems to have had no small share in shaping the Princess's judgments on the sovereigns and statesmen who fill her pages. King Albert of Belgium is shown to be the patriotic sovereign which the war has revealed him; King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is painted in colors which do not altogether disguise his character as it is now seen by the British public; and King Constantine of Greece—the reader may, perhaps, date the composition of the book by this fact—is cleared from the charge of pro-Germanism, and is described as "the last man who would hesitate before an attempt to vindicate the honor of his country, even at the cost of heavy sacrifices." As with sovereigns so with statesmen. They are described after their kind. And the reader who cares for entertaining and impressionist paragraphs about M. Delcassé, M. Venizelos, Baron Sonnino, Prince von Bülow, and Sir Edward Grey, will find an abundance of fare in Princess Radziwill's book.

"Practical Socialism." New Series. By Canon BARNETT and Mrs. S. A. BARNETT. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

THIS is the third series of papers dealing with social problems from the pen of Canon and Mrs. Barnett. Like its predecessors, it deals with a wide range of questions, religious, political, and economic, and all are treated with the robust optimism and confident aspiration that were so essential a part of Canon Barnett's character. In selecting the papers for this volume, Mrs. Barnett has followed the principle of choosing those which deal with reforms yet waiting to be accomplished. Canon Barnett, she tells us, "counted the sin of 'numbering the people' as due to a debased moral outlook, and the contemplation of 'results' as tending to hinder nobler efforts after that which is deeper than can be calculated." Unhappily, the list of reforms yet waiting to be accomplished is a long one, and those who are trying to carry them will miss the sturdy help which Canon Barnett gave to so many causes. Not least among these was that of education, and five papers on this subject form the concluding section of the book. They deal with "The Equipment of Teachers"—Canon Barnett was a strong advocate of the view that teachers for the poorest children should be called from the cultivated classes, and recognized as members of an honored profession—the question of continuation schools, and the necessity that the older Universities should open their doors to working men. Altogether, the book is true to its title. The reforms it urges are thoroughly practical, and the reasons for them are put forward with sound common-sense.

The Week in the City.

THE unfortunate way in which the Admiralty conveyed the news of the North Sea Battle, as if it were something like a disaster, had a bad effect on Saturday's Stock Exchange, and the recovery which began on Tuesday was dashed by the tragic loss of the "Hampshire" with its precious cargo, which became known soon after noon on Tuesday. By Wednesday, however, the effect of these misfortunes was wearing off, and Consols had rallied before the day was out to 57½. The War Loan was 95½, while Colonial and Railway Stocks were still in demand and difficult to buy. Great quantities of stock are being sold or loaned to the Treasury in consequence of the additional income-tax. There has been some disappointment; the Lyons' dividend has been reduced from 32½ to 25 per cent. Treasury Bills have now reached the colossal total of 690 millions.

J. LYONS & Co.

Although it has had to contend with many difficulties, the well-known catering firm of Lyons is able to show a slight increase in profits. Gross profits were nearly £72,000 higher than in 1914, but an increase of £70,000 in expenses reduced the rise in net earnings to £1,900. The actual net profit for the year ended on March 31st last was £278,293, as against £276,403 in the previous year, and £356,303 for 1913-14. A year ago the ordinary dividend fell from 42½ to 32½ per cent., but the balance carried forward was reduced by £26,000 to meet the payment. This year the dividend falls to 25 per cent., and £7,062 is taken from the amount brought in, and, together with £52,938, the balance of the share premium account, is added to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at £560,000. The depreciation allowance is practically the same at £108,584. The ordinary shares are quoted at just under 4, as against 5 a year ago. The yield at the latest price works out at over 6¼ per cent.

SALES OF EXCHEQUER BONDS.

It was recently announced that on and after June 2nd applicants for Exchequer Bonds would have the option of securing bonds maturing either in three or in five years. The date of interest is also altered from June and December to April and October. Moreover, a further attraction is offered in allowing the transfer in multiples of £5, while income-tax will not be deducted from the interest payment, the holder declaring such interest and paying the amount chargeable in respect of his individual income.

Although applications for the new series of Exchequer Bonds only opened on June 2nd, the National Revenue figures for the week ended June 3rd show that the sales of Exchequer Bonds for the week amounted to 11 millions, as compared with 6½ millions in the previous week. Sales of the new series are added to the sales of the previous issue, so that it is impossible to tell how far the new attractions have so far appealed to investors. The following list shows the weekly issue of bonds since the beginning of the year:—

	£		£
8th Jan.	12,508,000	31st March* ...	10,469,000
15th Jan.	19,641,000	8th April ...	8,364,000
22nd Jan.	12,569,000	15th April ...	9,086,000
29th Jan.	13,621,000	22nd April ...	5,956,000
5th Feb.	13,044,000	29th April ...	7,501,000
12th Feb.	11,129,000	6th May ...	7,864,000
19th Feb.	9,616,000	13th May ...	8,271,000
26th Feb.	8,281,000	20th May ...	12,381,000
4th March ...	8,145,000	27th May ...	6,477,000
11th March ...	7,792,000	3rd June ...	11,052,000
18th March ...	7,674,000		

* Thirteen days.

The return shows an increase of £21,862,000 in outstanding Treasury Bills, which now amount to £690,210,000.

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